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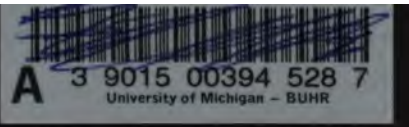
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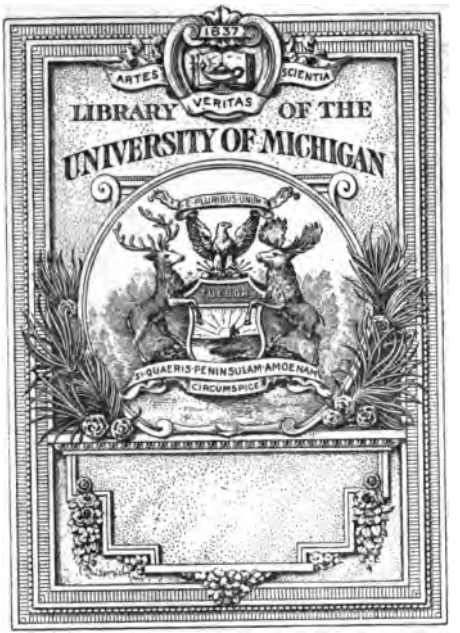

THE GIFT OF
Dr. Warren Lombard

CHAMBERS'S

POCKET MISCELLANY.

PHILADELPHIA:
LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & CO.
1854.

CHAMBERS'S

POCKET MISCELLANY.

VOLUME XV.

WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS,
LONDON AND EDINBURGH.
1853.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY W. AND R. CHAMBERS.

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CHAMBERS'S

POCKET MISCELLANY.

A STORY OF THE 'FORTY-FIVE.'

THE little lonely Inn of Crook, near the source of the Tweed, is a spot well known to travellers and tourists, and withal one much admired by them, being, as it were, an oasis in the desert, a place of rest and refreshment in a cold and mountainous wilderness. This place, or rather its neighbourhood, was the scene of a strange adventure, many years ago, which we propose to narrate to the reader in a more complete form than it has hitherto appeared.

One misty morning, in the autumn of 1746, George Black, the landlord of the Crook Inn, stood at the door of his isolated dwelling, eyeing attentively the heavens above him, and the mountains around him, for want, it may be, of anything better to do. 'Confoun' these mists!' muttered he; 'they'll no clear up the hail day, I doot. Gin this weather gang on muckle langer, we may shut our doors when we like. No ae leevin' thing,' continued he, stepping out to the middle of the road that passed his house, and looking first up and then down the narrow vale—'no ae leevin' thing to be seen either to the richt or to the left. But there's aye ae comfort in this rouky

weather, at onyrate; for if it be the same in the Highlands as it is here, the puir bits o' bodies that's skulkin' aboot the hill-taps winna be sae easily ta'en by the sodgers.' The landlord's observations were suddenly cut short. His eye caught sight of a party of soldiers, the very persons he had been speaking of; and he hurried in to prepare for their anticipated visit.

Meanwhile, the little party of soldiers which had caught his eye, marched slowly up the vale, along the soft and plashy road that ran nearly parallel with the Tweed. Such detachments were no uncommon visitors of the Crook, for this little hostel lay on the direct road from the Highlands towards Carlisle, whither the northern rebels were at this time regularly sent, as taken, in order that they might be tried at a cool distance from all partial influences, and where, at this particular time, scarcely a week passed without seeing numbers of them executed according to the approved style dictated by the English law of high-treason. The well-armed party now advancing to the Crook, was bound on such an errand. They were six or seven in number, with a lieutenant at their head, and in the midst of them walked a tall and finely formed young Highlander, with his right arm pinned for security to his side. Though on his way to certain death, and though his soiled tartans and thin cheek spoke of suffering and privation, the prisoner moved with as firm a tread as his captors, and, but for his bonds, might have been taken as their chief. Of a very different opinion, however, was Lieutenant Howison, the actual leader of the band, a pompous middle-aged man, of low stature, and thickset, rolling figure, which was rendered somewhat ludicrous to look at, by its possessor having bent it into a crescent—the convex side foremost—through long-continued attempts to acquire a dignified military attitude. Everything which this personage did or said was 'in the king's name.' This was indeed Lieutenant Howison's tower of strength. It was even alleged, that when he ran away from the battle of Prestonpans, he did it 'in the king's name.'

Such was the person who halted, on the morning alluded to, to refresh himself and men at the Inn of Crook, having marched some five or six miles since daybreak. After commanding his soldiers to go with the prisoner into one room, and take some bread and cheese, the lieutenant himself retired to another apartment, there to refresh himself with something of a more savoury nature, if it was to be had. Geordie, in person, waited on the officer, and supplied him with the best the house contained. When this duty had been performed, the landlord then turned his attention to the soldiers, being, in fact, anxious to get a glimpse of the 'puir chield' that had fallen into their hands. In this object he was at first disappointed, the Highlander's face being averted from the rest of the party, and steadily directed towards the window. At last one of the soldiers, with more kindness than any of the others seemed disposed to shew, exclaimed: 'Come, my lad, here's a share of my bit and sup! I shan't see a poor fellow starved neither, rebel though he has been.' The prisoner seemingly was touched by the man's good-nature, and turned partly round to benefit by the offer. Geordie Black, on the instant that he got a glimpse of the Highlander's face, was overwhelmed with alarm and vexation. His heart failed him, and it was with a feeling of fainting that he shrunk from the apartment.

It was not until the soldiers were fairly out of sight, that the heart-stricken landlord dared to give vent to his feelings. 'O Peggy, Peggy, woman!' said he when alone with his wife, 'whae do ye think has faun into their murdering clutches but Neil Maclaren! What will become o' Ailie noo, wandering, maybe, by this time frae door to door, without a house to put her head in, or a bit to put in her mouth, or as likely to be dead and gane, since we have na heard from her about this unlucky business. O what could tempt him to gang out, and him a married man wi' a family!' To Geordie's tirade, his wife could only reply by sorrowful exclamations of 'My puir dochter, my puir Ailie!' The forenoon, it may well

be conceived, was spent by the honest couple in the most unpleasant state of mind, for Maclaren, as the reader will have surmised, was their son-in-law. One thing surprised the landlord much, which was, that he should have remained so long ignorant of Maclaren's joining Prince Charles. But the truth was, that Neil had only joined him a short time before the battle of Culloden, being drawn, *at last*, from his home, by the spectacle of an invading enemy in his native country.

Let us now leave for awhile the landlord of Crook, to whom this was destined to be an eventful day, and follow the party of soldiers in their slow march up the Vale of Tweed. As Geordie Black had predicted, the mists did not clear up as the day grew older. Other parts of the country, indeed, might have been free of fog, but at every step the soldiers were moving higher and higher, and the white drizzling fleeces on the hill-sides became thicker and thicker. It is to be questioned, if there is in all the Lowlands of Scotland a more elevated piece of table-land than that lying some ten miles above Crook, from which spring the fountains of the three great rivers, the Clyde, the Annan, and the Tweed. The road traversed by Maclaren and his captors crosses this obtusely-pyramidal height—for so it is shewn to be, on a great scale, by the descent of these rivers—at a spot called Errick-Stane-Brae.

After the height of the country has been passed, it proceeds for some way along the brink of a profound green hollow, in which the Annan takes its rise, and which is usually termed the Devil's, but sometimes also the Marquis of Annandale's, Beef-Tub, from some resemblance it bears to that domestic utensil, and because the reivers of the great Border house of Johnston used of old to conceal their stolen cattle in it. As implied by the appellation, the sides of this hollow are nearly perpendicular all round, the bottom being so deep, that, in clear weather, a traveller looking down into it from the road, sees bullocks diminished to the size of sheep, and sheep to the magnitude of hares. On the present

occasion, however, it was filled to the brim by the dense fog which pervaded the atmosphere, so that the road winding along the top appeared like the shore of a deep bay of the sea, to step from which would have been to plunge into an abyss, and be lost for ever.

The soldiers, though the country was to them entirely new, passed along the high and perilous road with feelings little impressed by it. The dreariness and monotony of their day's march had rendered their minds dull and inattentive, and instead of keeping in a close circle round their prisoner, they straggled along in a line, in which he was sometimes near the front, and sometimes near the rear. Very different was the mental condition of Maclaren, who, from his having frequently passed this way with cattle, as many Highland gentlemen of superior rank to himself were accustomed to do, was acquainted with every foot of the way, and had long meditated a particular design of escape, which he was now to put into execution. How great was the astonishment of the soldiery, when Maclaren, who at one moment was pacing quietly along in the dreary march, was the next seen to start, as if instinct with a new life, from their line, towards the edge of the precipice, over which he plunged head foremost, and was in a moment lost to sight! To rush after him was but the work of another moment; yet so quick had been his movements, that he was already absorbed in the sea of mist which filled the Beef-Tub. With his head firmly clenched between his knees, and holding his feet in his hands, he had formed himself as nearly as possible into a round form, and allowed himself freely to roll heels over head down the steep side of the hollow, the surface of which he knew presented at this place no obstructions capable of injuring him. In their ignorance of the ground, no soldier durst follow him. The brave lieutenant could only, as soon as he recovered breath, exclaim with an oath: 'Stop, sir—I arrest you in the king's name!' while the soldiers fired their muskets at random into the misty gulf, or ran a little way round its edges, in the hope of finding a less

perilous access to the bottom. It was all in vain, and, after once more gathering, they could only console themselves with the undoubting assurance, that the rascal must have broken his neck in the descent, and so relieved the king of the duty of punishing his rebellion.

At the moment when the lieutenant uttered his characteristic exclamation, Neil Maclaren could have stopped his career neither for king nor kaiser. He arrived, however, at the bottom of the Beef-Stand without the slightest injury, and on the instant that he did so, he commenced his ascent of the opposite side with the speed of one who hears behind him the blood-hound's bay. When he reached the top, being well acquainted with the ground, he set off at full speed in the direction of his father-in-law's house, following, not the road by which he had come, but the hillsides, where he was not likely to be seen by any one. He took this route, in the hope that in some of the many corner-holes about the Crook, he might easily lie concealed until the hue-and-cry was blown over. Nor was he wrong in his anticipations.

After the departure of the soldiers with their prisoner, Geordie Black was surprised by the arrival of visitors that were near and dear to him—namely, his daughter Ailie with her infant child. The poor young creature knew of her husband's capture, and was on her way to Carlisle to beg his life, or to die with him. Her parents persuaded or rather compelled her to stay for a night with them, in order to take that rest of which she stood in so much need; but it may be imagined, that they could offer her no other consolation. Consolation, however, was not far off, though they then saw it not. After night had set in, Geordie, with the view of excluding as much as possible all spectators of his daughter's grief, went out in person to bring a supply of fuel for the parlour fire, from the peat-stack. While in the act of lifting these combustibles, a voice whispered his name, and, finding by the terrified 'Gudesake! what's that?' that it was his father-in-law, Maclaren revealed himself,

and told the story of his marvellous escape. It would be hard to say whether joy or alarm was predominant in the old man's mind on hearing it, for he feared the return of the soldiers. He had, nevertheless, no thought for an instant of abandoning Neil. Going into the house for a lantern, he led his son-in-law to an unoccupied and well-concealed corner of his premises; and then having prepared both of them for the joyful and most unexpected interview, he conducted the wife to her husband's arms. They were strongly attached to each other, and their feelings on meeting are not to be described.

Lieutenant Howison and two of his men reached Crook during the night, the rest having gone, according to command, in various directions in search of the fugitive. In anticipation of such a visit, Maclaren had been carefully and securely secreted, and the servants of the household, being put upon their guard, were too faithful not to avoid all mention of Maclaren's wife's name. The lieutenant, indeed, never entertained the slightest suspicion of the landlord, but on the contrary condescended, as if sure of the sympathies of his auditor, to repeat to Geordie many emphatic denunciations of the scoundrel who kept 'tumbling and rolling' down the Devil's Beef-Stand, though called upon to halt 'in the king's name.' The unwelcome military visitants departed from the Crook on the following day.

Neil Maclaren, the hero of this remarkable escape, contrived, with the aid of his friends, to keep himself concealed, sometimes in one way and sometimes in another, until the act of indemnity was passed by the government. He then returned with his wife to the braes of Balquhidder, in which district he was a duniewassal, or small proprietor. Like Rob Roy, he had not disdained to seek the improvement of his fortunes by sending cattle to England, and these expeditions he sometimes guided in person. While on one of these journeys, he had seen and loved, wooed and won, Ailie Black. After claiming and obtaining the immunity alluded to, he recovered—chiefly by the help of Geordie Black's well-

saved *pose*—the greater part of his former heritage, and lived in peace, for the rest of his days, in the bosom of his family.

A FAIR IN INDIA.

ONE of the chief fairs, or assemblages of the people, in India, takes place at Hurdwar, a town in the province of Delhi, situated on the banks of the Ganges, at the spot in which the sacred river, having forced its passage through a rocky barrier, rushes from the Himalaya Mountains into the adjacent plains. This celebrated place of meeting occupies rather a circumscribed space of ground between the river and a dense forest, still unreclaimed, which nearly meets the western extremity of the town; steep wooded hills form the background; and the place is altogether so full of grand and picturesque beauties, that it is impossible to contemplate it without experiencing sentiments of wonder and delight. In consequence of the exceeding sanctity supposed to be attached to the waters of the Ganges at this place, immense multitudes of pilgrims from every part of India flock to Hurdwar for the purpose of bathing in the holy stream; and the most propitious period being the month of April, sometimes as many as a million of persons are assembled, though, upon ordinary occasions, the visitors do not exceed 300,000. Only a portion of this number consists of Hindoo devotees, the remainder being composed of people of all religions, who resort to the fair held at the same time, by way of mingling worldly with spiritual interests.

The number of Europeans present generally averages about 300; a part of these are brought to the fair upon duty in their civil and military capacities, to keep the peace; others are employed by government for the purchase of horses for the service; and the remainder are attracted by pure curiosity. Many rich Mussulmans

proceed thither from the same motive, and the rest go for the purpose of buying and selling the commodities brought from every known corner of the globe for sale at this place. The town of Kunkul, which is about three miles to the southward, on the bank of the river, like that of Hurdwar, is very handsomely built; the best houses of cut freestone in both places, having their foundations in the sacred stream, and presenting a very imposing façade. The possession of a mansion at Kunkul, or Hurdwar, is quite equivalent to the importance of a town-house in London, and can only be attainable by noble and wealthy Hindoos, who are eager to display their consequence by the purchase of one of these residences, where they spend vast sums of money in feasting those cormorants the Brahmins. Many of the pilgrims live in the tents which they have brought with them; and the remainder are content with temporary huts, or any shelter or shade whatsoever that they can obtain, or even the broad canopy of the sky, or the boughs of some friendly tree. The European visitors usually pitch their tents on both sides of the road from Kunkul; and their encampment is exceedingly striking, the tents being chiefly double poled, and of large dimensions, containing several apartments, while spaces at the back are enclosed by canvas walls. It is very prettily situated amid groves of mangoes, dividing the country-houses of rich natives, fancifully built, and having blooming gardens attached to them. The Mohammedan encampments are equally splendid, the awnings of the tents being edged with scalloped borders of scarlet or other gay colours, and the walls striped with the same; while in both the crowds of servants superbly dressed, and the numerous animals, horses, elephants, camels, and bullocks, picketed singly, or reposing in groups, add greatly to the animation of the scene. In approaching Hurdwar, the concourse increases; the road swarms with travellers in all kinds of conveyances; a fat Brahmin, stretched at length upon a bedstead which looks like a bier, and carried upon men's shoulders, others squatting in small cage-like conveyances, just suffi-

cient to hold a person doubled up in the least possible compass; others in more convenient chairs and palanquins, or slung on both sides of a camel in panniers; some in bullock-carts, some mounted on bullocks or buffaloes; while horses of every grade, and in fact every kind of animal, either of draught or of burden, are put into requisition for the purpose of transporting the people with their goods and families, multitudes of children being brought in the train of their parents. Religious mendicants of every denomination abound, as well as numerous tribes of fanatics and hypocrites who in India deceive others and themselves by their pretensions to superior sanctity. The charity of the pilgrims at Hurdwar is heavily taxed; they cannot bathe in the river without paying a sum of money to the officiating Brahmins, who attend at all the ghauts; and as the benefit to be obtained merely depends upon the number of separate dips, the full advantage of their pilgrimage is rather costly; while, at every yard which they traverse, they are assailed by the vociferations of some impudent fakir, eager to rob them of their last cowry.

A view of the town and the fair of Hurdwar bursts upon the traveller at a sudden bend of the road. The space occupied by the fair is rather circumscribed, and presents a scene of perhaps unparalleled confusion; and in the multitude of objects which distract the attention, it would be difficult to fix upon any, did not the Ganges stand out so prominently amid the whole. The river, smooth and tranquil, as if weary of its fierce contentions in its mountain birthplace, spreads itself over a track diversified by low wooded islands; the largest of these immediately opposite to Hurdwar, being, at the period of the fair, connected to the mainland by a temporary bridge. It forms the encamping-ground of a battalion of hill-rangers, brought from their head-quarters at Deyrah Doon, to assist in preserving tranquillity during the fair, and at this time is literally covered with awnings of every kind; grass-nets, blankets, or pieces of cotton cloth, being extended on poles by those people

whom business has obliged to attend, and who cannot afford superior accommodation. At one of these fairs, her late Highness the Begum Sumroo made her appearance, escorted by 1000 horse and 1500 infantry. There were, besides, nuwaubs and rajahs with long trains; and the uniforms and liveries of their followers, many of a very fantastic description, some wearing yellow turbans, and even sashes for the waist, and all decked in gaudy colours, formed groups which neither pen nor pencil could accurately describe. The equipages are equally various, and distinguished by the same barbaric pomp—elephants bearing howdahs plated with silver, or shining with enamelled panels, and caparisoned with cloths of velvet edged with gold, sweeping to the ground; four-wheeled carriages, enclosed all round with curtains of white or scarlet cloth, or striped with both, and uniting at the top in a gilt ornament; others of somewhat the same description on two wheels, decorated with fringes and tassels, and all drawn by bullocks, their horns painted with gay colours, and having embroidered harness and housings, and jingling all over with bells; palanquins open and closed, some panelled with the same kind of enamel-work used for the howdahs, others being canopied with crimson or green-cloth curtains, fringed with gold. Some of these equipages convey the more wealthy devotees to the principal ghaut, the remainder being occupied by mere spectators. When a very great Hindoo lady performs the pilgrimage, a portion of the river is parted off for the occasion, and she is carried into the water in a large and richly-ornamented litter, which entirely conceals her from view; women of lower rank, transported by the enthusiasm of the moment, are less scrupulous, and bathe openly, some with a very slender modicum of drapery, it being considered rather praiseworthy to enter the river at this time without any superfluous garment. The signal for immersion is given in the first instance by the Brahmins, who, having calculated the most propitious moment, ring their bells. The rush is excessive, and before the road to the principal ghaut was widened, it was often

attended by fatal consequences, 300 persons having, it is said, been trampled upon and squeezed to death upon one occasion. Many pilgrims, almost at their last gasp, having travelled hundreds of weary miles for the purpose, make one expiring effort, and, rushing into the wave, die in the first plunge; others, incapable of this exertion, are conveyed by their friends into the river, where they yield their last breath, happy in the conviction that they shall be immediately absorbed into the holy essence of the divinity.

These death-scenes take place without exciting any interest or attention from the multitude assembled, all being busy about their own affairs: the Brahmins eagerly collecting the tribute, and careful that none shall escape without payment of the toll; the fakirs, and other religious mendicants, as eagerly endeavouring to obtain something for themselves; the bathers intent upon securing as much advantage as they can from their ablutions; and the spectators merely employed in looking on, too completely distracted by the strange sights and sounds on all sides, to give much attention to any particular point. There are two temples in the immediate vicinity of the ghaut, which the pilgrims are expected to visit; and here crowds of Brahmins are stationed, to receive the contributions very peremptorily demanded upon all sides; indeed, so many and so pressing are these demands upon the purse, that the pilgrims ought to be very rich, as well as very pious and charitable, in order to meet them. The begging system at Hurdwar almost amounts to robbery; for so long as the poorest pilgrim is suspected of having a single piece of coin of the very smallest denomination left, he is persecuted first by entreaties, and then by abuse, being told that the refusal of a single donation will occasion the denial of the prayers of every holy man. Many of these poor creatures have a long way to travel to their own homes; a circumstance which is not taken at all into consideration by the rapacious wretches, who care not who starves, provided that they are benefited. As it may be easily supposed, the bathing of so great a

crowd does not take place without noise and clamour: to the shouts of the multitude are added the sound of large conch-shells struck by the Brahmins, the ringing of bells, and the blare of trumpets; making altogether confusion worse confounded. The fair is not less crowded, and certainly not less noisy. At this place are assembled the representatives of every Asiatic nation—mountaineers from the most remote districts, Osbech Tatars, Arabs, Persians, Sikhs, Afghans, and people from Cashmere, Tibet, and the confines of China; Toorks, and the men of Bohliera, Cabool, and Cutch. Horses form the grand article brought for sale, and these may be seen picketed all the way to Kunkul; they are of various descriptions, and of various breeds. Elephants and camels are also brought for sale; and both, like the horse, have their fine points, which are shewn off to the best advantage. An elephant, to be perfect, must have a large head and large ears, an arched back, sloping quarters, a deep flank, long trunk mottled throughout, short legs, the first pair bowing out in front, and a flat bunch of hair at the extremity of the tail. The express-camel is a very fine animal, which will go at full speed 100 miles at a stretch without pulling up, differing very materially in its swiftness and bearing from its melancholy-looking, slow-paced brethren, accustomed to be driven long journeys with heavy burdens on their backs. There are other cattle in the shape of bulls and cows from Kipal, beautiful creatures with soft coats resembling black satin, and large bushy tails of a rich white; bullocks, buffaloes, and gynees; the other animals consist of hunting-leopards, tigers in cages, deer of various kinds, Persian greyhounds, cats from Bulh, with long silken hair of singular beauty; monkeys, rare birds from the hills, and snakes; cobra da capellos, which dance to the music of a pipe, and boa constrictors, worn in the shape of necklaces. The most experienced horse-dealers and jockeys in the world are to be found at Hurdwar, and numerous are the methods by which they manage to pass off their cattle as sound and in good condition; the lean kind are crammed with boiled vetches,

mingled with pounded ginger and sugar; the vicious are stupified by opium; and the sluggish stimulated to action by some potent cordial. It being scarcely possible for any amateur to deal with these experienced practitioners, a broker, or, as he is called in India, a Dulal, is usually employed; and with his assistance, the bargain is speedily concluded. Amongst the curiosities in horses which are brought to Hurdwar, are some very powerful ponies from Osbech Tatary, called Phooldars, which, translated, means spotted with flowers: they are very curiously marked, being covered all over with figures somewhat resembling those on marbled paper: one of these animals would be a great prize at Astley's or the Zoological Gardens.

In the stalls, almost every description of merchandise is exposed for sale—brazen vessels of every kind; idols and images of metal and of clay; common bead-necklaces; manufactured articles in agate, lapis lazuli, cornelian, and different marbles; coral, pearls, precious stones, rough, polished, or set, and some formed into necklaces, valued at L.5000 each; fans, chowries for whisking away the flies; every sort of native ornament in gold, silver, pewter, tinsel, or lac; sable, tiger, leopard, ounce, and other skins; looking-glasses in ivory frames, ornamented with moreen-work; toys in ivory and mother-of-pearl; shoes, skull-caps, and scarfs, handsomely embroidered; perfumes and sherbets; truffles from the countries north of the Sutlej; gums and medicinal drugs; shawls brought in bales from Cashmere, and sold unopened; pickles and sweetmeats from China; French watches; English chintzes, broadcloth, stationery, and cutlery; together with other articles, forming a list too long for enumeration. The clamours of the traffickers are overwhelming; the corn-dealers vociferating when their heaps of barley, wheat, or straw, are trodden down and scattered; while others, watching their bags of pistachia-nuts, almonds, raisins, or assafœtida, warn off trespassers with shout and cry; while the neighing of horses, the bellowing of bulls, the trampling of elephants, grunting of camels, barking of dogs, and roaring of wild

beasts, fill the air with discordant noises. In consequence of the very great demand for sweetmeats by this vast multitude, men and beasts being in India equally fond of confectionary of all kinds, the lower floors of many of the houses in the town of Hurdwar are let to manufacturers of the sugared articles so much in request, who carry on their operations in the open air, upon stoves running under the verandas. Huge caldrons and basins of iron, copper, and brass, appear filled with a liquid mass, composed of the different ingredients forming the compound; this mixture hisses and sputters as it boils; while at the proper period ladlefuls are taken out, and being poured upon a plate of iron over the furnace, are speedily transformed into cakes, which are piled up in enormous heaps, and sold to the passers-by.

Shops belonging to bankers and money-changers are very numerous, and coin-collectors may here find many rare and curious specimens; every description of money in India, both ancient and modern, finding its way to Hurdwar. The heat and the glare of the day render evening the most agreeable period for a visit to the fair, which is best accomplished on the back of an elephant. In passing along, groups of dancing-girls are to be seen performing in the fronts of the houses of rich people, attended by musicians, and singing with all their might; these amusements being carried on till a very late hour. Other revellers are also abroad, displaying their skill upon all sorts of instruments; and amid all this noise and clamour, the bugles of the battalion of hill-rangers may be heard playing some English air, familiar to European ears, and the more soothing from its contrast to the wild discord around. At night, the Ganges wears a very gay and enlivening appearance; the branch nearest the town being illuminated by vast numbers of lights disposed upon its banks, and the surface rendered brilliant by floating lamps, ignited and launched upon the water. Sometimes a grand entertainment is given by the nuwaub of Nujihabad, or other great personage, and the profusion of fireworks which always form a part of a native fête,

renders the pageant still more effective. Lights are to be seen on all sides, and in all directions, from the temples, houses, tents, stalls, and huts; and, glancing among the trees, the European portion of the visitors drive home to a late dinner, and their encampment forms a very pleasing spectacle, more quiet, but perhaps not so gay with lights and music, as that of the rich natives. At length the uproar, which has been kept up without intermission since daybreak, dies away, and either subsides into a faint murmur, or ceases; the greater number of lamps are extinguished, and silence and darkness prevail. It is at this time that the thieves, a dexterous and numerous class, are upon the alert, and, trusting to the adroitness for which they are famed, venture, in despite of the precaution taken against them, to steal the very habiliments which some cautious sleeper has placed beneath his pillow. A terrier dog proves the best security, but when fatigued by the toils of the day, the wearied animal sinks into profound repose, and sometimes fails to give timely warning. The scientific mode by which an experienced thief will obtain the sheet or other article disposed for safety under the pillow, is to tickle the sleeper's ear with a straw; this causes him to turn, a pull being given at the same time; and should the manœuvre not be immediately successful, it is repeated at a proper interval, and is pretty certain to answer the end proposed.

Formerly, before the East India Company obtained possession of Hurdwar and its adjacent districts, the fair seldom or ever concluded without battles and bloodshed. The priesthood belonging to the rival sects, of which Hindooism presents many, all of whom are impressed with the notion of the efficacy of the Ganges water, endeavoured to secure the greater portion of the alms collected for themselves. When they and their partisans were strong enough, force was employed in the attainment of this object; while lawless tribes, covetous of the wealth brought to the fair, attacked the merchants, who were obliged to defend their goods by armed retainers. A

very efficient police, under the direction of the European magistrates of the district, now prevents these wholesale robberies; and it is only the petty depredations of professional thieves which are to be apprehended at the present time. The sale of spirituous liquors in the fair is prohibited under a heavy penalty: thus one fertile source of evil is cut off. No one is permitted to enter the place armed. All offensive weapons are deposited with certain officials named Chaprassies, appointed by government to take charge of them; all have duplicate-tickets, one of which is given to the owner, who, producing it upon his departure, receives his property back. At one particular period it is upon record that 700,000 swords were thus placed in the care of the chaprassies. But the fair is now said to be on the decline. Many people attribute this falling off to the belief now prevalent all over India, that the Christians are destined to spread their religion and customs throughout the land; an opinion which renders vast numbers rather lukewarm in their attachment to the fooleries of the Brahmins.

THE MAN WHO KNEW EVERYBODY.

SOME few summers ago, I spent several weeks at a pretty little watering-place, in one of the southern counties of Scotland. The village, during the period of my stay, was filled with visitors of all classes and descriptions. Numbers of real or imaginary invalids from among the wealthier orders of society, were spending at the spot their usual term of country residence, while many of a humbler rank were seeking relief from true illness by the use of the medicinal springs in the neighbourhood. Amongst all these various residents, for the time being, a perfect equality reigned, and, indeed, this was in a measure inevitable, seeing that there was no alternative between absolute solitude, and the adoption of such companions as chance was pleased to bring in the way.

Those who lodged in the inn of the village, in particular, being chiefly young men, like myself, who had come to while away a week or two in fishing and other amusements, were brought into daily and hourly fellowship, having to breakfast, dine, and sup at a common table, and, in short, enjoying nothing individually and undividedly but their bedrooms. For my part, I enjoyed this fortuitous associateship very much, for the three or four weeks of my residence in the village. A great part of this enjoyment was owing to *one* individual, the only person among my co-lodgers who had anything remarkable about him; the rest being idle, gentlemanly young fellows of an ordinary cast. Not that I mean to insinuate that the individual particularised was not as idle and gentlemanly as any of them; only, he was not an 'ordinary' personage, and there lay the distinction. The first extraordinary thing about him was, that nobody knew his name, or who and what he was, though he knew everybody, and all about everybody. He was generally termed 'Mr S.,' or the 'gentleman with the whiskers,' his visage being decorated with an ample pair of these appendages. The chamber-maid it was, I believe, who gave us this initial glimpse at his name, having observed the letters J. S. on his portmanteau. Genteel in his person, courteous, even to excess, in his manners, and scrupulously neat, if not elegant, in his attire, Mr S. was calculated, at first sight, to excite a prepossession in his favour; and on further intercourse with him, this impression certainly had no tendency to decrease. Of the everyday small-talk of society, he was a first-rate master; he abounded in anecdote of the most pleasing conversational kind, his stories generally relating to living persons of note and rank in the world: and what was best of all about the good things he told, he almost uniformly gave you them at first hand, exactly as they had fallen from the lips of the parties concerned, in *his* presence. No common-place culler and retailer of fifty-times told and written *bon-mots* was the 'gentleman with the whiskers.' Everything that came from his mouth

bore the stamp of freshness and novelty. You could not mention one man's name, but Mr S. would tell you something about him you never heard before.

The reader must have a touch of S.'s vein, in order to comprehend the mysterious curiosity respecting him that gradually crept over my mind while I lived beside him. This curiosity, as has been already said, none of the rest of our watering-place companions could gratify. He was unknown to all; though, strange to tell, several of them were at times firm in the belief that they had seen him somewhere before—but where or when they puzzled their brains in vain to recollect. Over my own mind a glimmering feeling of the same kind occasionally came, and ended in the like dark uncertainty. The general impression among us came to be, that Mr S. was a man of consequence, who found it convenient, from some temporary pecuniary difficulty, to keep himself and his whereabouts quiet for a short while. How could we think otherwise, when we found a man capable of describing accurately, from personal observation, the appearance, dress, and manners of every peer and gentleman of note in the country? Suppose the subject of the turf and its heroes to be started by our little club of diners at the ordinary, out came S. with his observation—'Odd lengths keen sportsmen do sometimes go, to be sure, with their passion for racing and betting. Some men, from morning till night, seem to think of nothing else; and though one would say that they could not carry on turf-sports and dine at the same time, yet I have actually known it done. I once heard Lord K—— offer a heavy wager at dinner, that he would leap his famous hunter Rozinante over a chair-back, directly in the face of a rousing fire. The bet was taken on the spot, and the stakes tabled. The horse was brought into the dining-room in a few minutes afterwards, and the chair placed, according to agreement, at the distance of a certain number of feet from the fire. His lordship mounted, and in another instant the docile animal had cleared the chair, and stood stock-still within a few inches

of the blaze.' After some remarks had been made by the company upon Mr S.'s anecdote, I chanced to observe, that 'where sportsmen could not conveniently make their dining-rooms a race-course or hunting-field, they could always bet, at least, and never could be at a loss for things to bet upon, as every one would allow, that recollected the story of the two sportsmen, who, when confined to the house on a wet day, commenced wagering with each other on the comparative speed of the rain-drops coursing down the window-panes.' S. instantly *capped*—as they say at Cambridge—my good old Joe Miller with an anecdote, fresh as a daisy, and which shewed his familiar intercourse with the great as much as the last one did. 'They don't always bet in a way so harmless to themselves,' said he of the initials. 'The well-known Murphy, as keen a sportsman as ever wore spurs, once laid a very heavy wager, that he would stick a hundred pins, of the common length, up to their heads in one of his limbs. He fulfilled his undertaking with the courage of a martyr, and won his bet. But the consequence of his feat was, that he was confined to bed for months, and ran the greatest risk of losing both his limb and his life. I heard the engagement entered into, but its execution, I believe, took place in his own bedroom. Not quite so dangerous to himself,' continued S., 'was the manner in which another keen sportsman, Captain Murray, afterwards Lord E——, exhibited his betting propensities. So proud was the captain of the iron firmness which a long course of hard exercise on horseback had given to his limbs, that he was in the habit of laying bets, that no one could nip or pinch him in that quarter of his body. When he could get nobody to take up such a wager with him, it was no uncommon thing for him to *offer* half-crowns, sometimes in a public market, to any one, groom, hostler, or jockey, who could succeed in effecting a *nip*.'

Who, thought I and all present, when our friend with the whiskers gave us such stories as these—who is this, that is or has been so intimate with nobles and gentlemen of rank, as to have been a witness of the sayings and

doings of their most retired and convivial moments? If a suspicion of his being simply a retailer of things heard from others ever crossed our mind, it was speedily removed again by the discovery of his correctness in some point or other, that could scarcely have been known to any one but an eyesight observer. And yet, would a man of high rank live unattended in a paltry little country-inn, and the inn, too, of a watering-place, a public resort? Besides, if he were a man of note, surely somebody or other should have known him.

One remarkable point in the character of this strange personage puzzled me much. I never heard him utter a single remark on literature or books, although I often endeavoured to lead him into the subject. This induced me, after much cogitation, to set him down as an author: he did not wish to commit himself on the matter of other men's writings; like Sir Walter Scott, he wished to live at peace with all his brethren. Therefore, when this train of thought sprung up in my mind, I set him down as an author—only to set him down as something else within the next ten minutes. Neither did I ever hear him give utterance to a single remark on science, unless, indeed, ventriloquism be ranked as one. On this subject, I remember, he once told us a very curious incident, which had taken place, as usual, under his own eye. Mr Carmichael, a ventriloquist of some note, was invited to a hotel by some admiring patrons. A bottle of wine was ordered, when, just as the waiter was about to draw the cork and decant it, he and the company were astounded by a plaintive voice exclaiming: 'Oh! gentlemen, help me out of the *lum*'—that is, the chimney. The landlord was called, and on the voice repeating its plaintive petition, he exclaimed: 'How, in the name of wonder, did you get there?' 'I cam down the wrang lum this morning,' cried the prisoner, 'and I canna gang up again; and, O dear, as little can I get down!' The angry landlord declared the fellow must have intended thievery, sent for a policeman, and at the same time procured a couple of chimney-sweeps to examine the vent,

while every now and then the voice kept crying: 'I can't get down!' The sooty-men explored the chimney, and declared that the man was gone. A repetition of the 'I can't get down,' belied their words; and the landlord was on the point of sending for masons to break into the vent, when, to the astonishment of all, including the ventriloquist's patrons, who were completely taken by surprise as well as the others, the dexterous juggler revealed the deception. He had imitated the crying of a person from the chimney, and no one had noticed the deception.

After spending a week or two in daily listening to such anecdotes as those that have been related, my desire—and I believe it was participated in by many others—to know who Mr S. really was, knew no bounds. From his stories, one sometimes would have imagined him to be a peer, sometimes a sporting squire, sometimes a lawyer, a merchant, a physician, or a daily associate, at least, of one or other of these classes of the community. Sometimes I imagined the mystic being might be a member of our senate, but, seeing that half-a-dozen at least of M. P.s bore the same initials, I was here as much at a loss as ever.

The appointed term of my stay in the little watering-place approached, and I was wretched. Had it not been for the medicinal waters which I drank every morning, I must have fallen into a 'curious' consumption. The man with the whiskers—he of the initials—J. S.—had made me miserable. He was as courteous, as much admired, and as anecdotical as ever. One day, however, while half-a-dozen of us were sitting at the ordinary, and just as I was thinking of announcing my departure on an early day, one of the party who had taken up a newspaper, remarked that visitors had at last begun to return from the country to town, and read a long list of arrivals, including many of the nobility, at the National Hotel. For the first time, as this list was read, I saw emotion depicted on the usually unperturbed countenance of the mysterious S.; that countenance which I had so long

watched with absorbing interest. 'An attachment,' was my immediate thought, 'to some lady named in the list of arrivals.' As soon as I could, I got the paper into my hands, and instantly looked at the arrivals. The celebrated beauties, the Hon. Misses A——, were among the number. 'Poor J. S., or happy J. S., as it may be, has an attachment to one of them, it is quite clear,' was my cogitation; and it was confirmed by his announcement, shortly after, of his intention to return to town by next day's coach. Doubtless the ardour of his passion induced him to fly to his love without delay. More deeply interested in my friend of the initials than ever, I quickly formed and made known my resolve to depart by the same conveyance.

After I had taken my seat, at an early hour next morning, on the top of the coach, J. S. made his appearance, but, to my great surprise, his cheeks were as bare as my hand. His whiskers were completely gone. As I was ruminating on the cause of this, S. jumped up beside me on the coach, and everything was nearly ready for the start, when one of our companions of the ordinary, of whom we had taken leave on the preceding night, came to the door of the inn, and looking up to us, was about, as I thought, to say 'good-by,' but instead of that, he fixed his eyes on my companion's unwhiskered countenance with a look of amazement, gave a slap to his leg, and cried: 'I have him at last! it's the'—— 'Ya hip!' cried the coachman; off dashed the horses, rattle went the wheels, and what the gentleman was about to say was drowned in the commingled noise. But it was not altogether lost upon me. I saw that the speaker so untimeously interrupted, had at last discovered, by the denudation of his cheeks, who J. S. really was. What would I not have given for one moment's delay of that coach's career! as it was, I had learned something. The last word which I had heard—the *the*—indicated that J. S. was no common man. He had a title. People talk of *the* Viscount, *the* Lord Advocate, *the* Lord Provost, but no man in an ordinary situation of life, no lawyer or

merchant, can be distinctively pointed out by the prefixture of the definite article *the*. The gentleman with the initials must unquestionably be a man of no mean distinction.

With this impression on my mind, I confess I almost insensibly heightened the respectfulness of my tone in addressing my coach-companion as we bowled along the road, and it seemed to me that he also became more respectful, while there was a pensive reserve about him also, which I attributed to his meditations, poor fellow, upon one of the Hon. Misses A——. As we were driving along, dying with curiosity as I was, I did not like to offer an exchange of cards, which would be next to asking his name, a thing he seemed desirous to keep secret. The end of our journey approached, and I thought internally, with a bitter sigh, that it must be left to some future chance to unfold this mystery. The coach reached Edinburgh. Before it came to what is called its stand, the mysterious bearer of the initials jumped off. He touched his hat, and bade me good-by. My heart sunk within me with vexation and disappointment. As a last resource, having observed S. to speak in a familiar whisper to the coachman, it struck me to ask the latter if he knew the gentleman who had left us. Coachee was a sort of half Cockney. 'Vy,' says the handler of the whip, 'I knows him wery vell. It's Joe Swipes, as is the vaiter at the National. A rum fellor he is too, and no mistake. I'll varrant now he's been a'-playing the gen'leman somewere, wile the 'ouse is slack. And a right good gen'leman he makes. I never heard sich stories as Joe can pump out. But *visker-time's* over, as we says, wot knows him—the gentry's a'-coming in, and he must look sharp a'ter business now!'

Waiter or lord, Joe Swipes *was* a gentleman.

SONG OF THE CAPTIVE.

[This elegant poetical effusion is a translation from the German of Goethe, and is prized for the pleasing manner in which it connects the personification of natural objects with expressions of the purest affection. A captive knight is supposed to hold a dialogue in song with certain flowers growing near the walls of his prison.—We quote from an old volume of the *North American Review*.]

CAPTIVE.

A FLOWER, that 's wondrous fair I know,
My bosom holds it dear,
To seek that flower I long to go,
But am imprisoned here.
'Tis no light grief oppresses me;
For in the days my steps were free,
I had it always near.

Far round the tower I send mine eye,
The tower so steep and tall;
But nowhere can the flower descry
From this high castle wall;
And him who 'll bring me my desire,
Or be he knight, or be he squire,
My dearest friend I 'll call.

ROSE.

My blossoms near thee I disclose,
And hear thy wretched plight;
Thou meanest me, no doubt, the rose,
Thou noble, hapless knight.
A lofty mind in thee is seen,
And in thy bosom reigns the queen
Of flowers, as is her right.

CAPTIVE.

Thy crimson bud I duly prize
In outer robe of green;
For this thou 'rt dear in maiden's eyes,
As gold and jewels sheen,
Thy wreath adorns the fairest brow,
And yet the flower—it is not thou,
Whom my still wishes mean.

LILY.

The little rose has cause for pride,
And upwards aye will soar;
Yet am I held by many a bride
The rose's wreath before.
And beats thy bosom faithfully,
And art thou true, and pure as I,
Thou 'lt prize the lily more.

CAPTIVE.

I call myself both chaste and pure,
And pure from passions low;
And yet these walls my limbs immure
In loneliness and wo.
Though thou dost seem, in white arrayed,
Like many a pure and beauteous maid,
One dearer thing I know.

PINK.

And dearer I, the pink, must be,
And me thou sure dost choose,
Or else the gardener ne'er for me
Such watchful care would use;
A crowd of leaves encircling bloom!
And mine through life the sweet perfume,
And all the thousand hues!

CAPTIVE.

The pink can no one justly slight,
The gardener's favourite flower;
He sets it now beneath the light,
Now shields it from its power.
Yet 'tis not pomp, which o'er the rest
In splendour shines, can make me blest;
It is a still small flower.

VIOLET.

I stand concealed, and bending low,
And do not love to speak;
Yet will I, as 'tis fitting now,
My wonted silence break.
For if 'tis I, thou gallant man,
Thy heart desires, thine, if I can,
My perfumes all I 'll make.

CAPTIVE.

The violet I esteem indeed,
So modest and so kind;
Its fragrance sweet, yet more I need
To soothe my anguished mind.
To you the truth will I confess:
Here 'mid this rocky dreariness,
My love I ne'er shall find.

The truest wife by yonder brook
Will roam the mournful day,
And hither cast the anxious look,
Long as immured I stay.
Whene'er she breaks a small blue flower,
And says, Forget me not! the power
I feel, though far away.

Yes, e'en though far, I feel its might,
For true love joins us twain,
And therefore 'mid the dungeon's night
I still in life remain.
And sinks my heart at my hard lot,
I but exclaim; Forget me not!
And straight new life regain.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

It was a bright moonlight evening, and so warm that our men lay about the deck and in groups with hardly any covering; I think I never saw so perfectly clear and brilliant a night. Some of the officers were reading, and with ease, by the light of the moon; and the ocean, as far as the sight could stretch, was a glittering mirror without a single ruffle or wave: we lay like a log on the water, with all sails set, but not a breath of air to move them. The crew were collected in small parties about the forecastle and main-deck, listening to the long yarns of some gray-headed seaman, about the Flying Dutchman of the Black River of Gatand, while now and then some favourite sea-song was bawled forth from the laughing crowd. The officers were walking about the quarter-deck, smoking and conversing, and occasionally extending their walk so far as to listen to the stories of the fore-castle. This was my first voyage on the 'wide, wide sea;' and as I was the youngest of the mids, I found particular favour with several of the oldest seamen, with whom, by the by, I liked to associate better than with my brother-middies. I always loved to listen to their tales of murder and battles, and would sit for hours on the coils of rope, and hear old Jack Transom, our second mate, an old man of sixty years, relate his adventures and 'hair-breadth escapes.'

We had left Port Royal, on the south side of Jamaica,

the day before, on our way to the mouth of the Amazon, and were now passing between the small islands of Montserrat and Guadeloupe: in the distance you could see the white moonbeams playing on the fort and beach, and glistening on the low roofs and white walls of the little capital of Guadeloupe. I was standing on the capstan with a small night-glass in my hand, looking at the opposite shore, with its long low beach, with here and there a small slave-hut or mound of loose stones piled up as a covering over the grave of some drowned sailor whose body had been washed on shore. I dropped my glass, and was getting down from my station, when Jack Transom stepped up, and asked for a squint. I handed the glass to him, and after looking through it a moment, he handed it back, saying: 'Ay, ay, there it stands, with its creaking chains and dry bones rattling in the still air, as if a ten-knot breeze was rippling over it.' 'What's that?' said I, eagerly catching the glass, and pointing it where 'Old Starboard,' as he was familiarly called, directed me. It was some time before I saw what he meant. When I did, I was at no loss for his abrupt speech. A little north of the town, on the white beach, stood a tall gibbet with its chains, and even, as old Jack said, its white bones, for I plainly saw them even at that distance glimmering in the rays of the bright moon, and I almost fancied I heard them rattling and shaking against each other, though, as I said before, there was not a breath of air, not enough to move a feather. I shuddered at the sight, for I was young, and easily affected by anything terrible or gloomy. We all knew that Old Starboard was on one of his long-yarn tacks, and in a short time a group was formed around the old fellow, as anxious as the crowds of coffee-drinkers in the saloons of Constantinople to listen to the wonderful adventures of the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, or Sinbad the Sailor. 'It's now forty years ago, or thereabouts,' began Old Starboard, stuffing a huge quid of the true Virginia into his left cheek, 'since I first laid eyes on that same death-telling gallows. I was then a mere foremast-man, and

perhaps rather green, seeing as how that was my first tack this way, and only the third time I had ever smelt salt water. It was a dark stormy night, with a strong north-wester blowing at the rate of ten knots an hour, and we were beating across this very channel under a heavy press, with the hopes of clearing the shoals before morning; all hands were on deck clearing off and taking in some of our light canvas, for the gale kept on increasing, and our main-mast creaked heavily with its load, when the watch ahead bawled out, "Helm a-lee! sail ahead!"—but before the words were scarcely out of his mouth, we were upon the vessel. We struck her about midships, carrying away our bowsprit, and dashing in the forecastle sails and knuckle-timbers as if they had been glass. But it fared worse with the vessel we met. She was small, being about seven feet in the water, whereas we drew nearer fifteen. We passed slick over her, as if she had been a mere boy's plaything. You may be sure there was no standing still; everything was hauled up, and we were before the wind in less than half a shake; the boats were lowered, although there was such a sea running that it was almost impossible to live in a small boat. Logs of wood and hen-coops were thrown overboard, so that, if any were alive, they might save themselves. Our first mate was standing on the quarter, listening, when he declared that he heard a shout. We listened, and then it came again and again, but fainter every time. At length our captain ordered a boat out, with directions to put in to the shore, and come off in the morning, as we should lay to. That night there was not an eye closed in the ship. We were all waiting for the morning, for many thought it sheer madness in our captain to send off a boat in such a sea, and so dark a night, and prophesied that she would be swamped in less than ten minutes; though no one said so to the captain, for he was in one of his gloomy moods, and walked the deck nearly the whole night without opening his mouth. We stood off and on till morning, and by this time the wind had lulled considerably, and we had a moderate breeze. As soon as it

was light, we bore down to the little bay you see off yonder to the nor'-east, and having anchored, sent off a boat to the shore. I was in her, and I shall never forget my joy when I first saw our men standing on the beach and hallooing to us: we were soon among them, and asking questions enough to sink a lighter. After leaving the ship, they steered as near as they could tell to where the cries came from; after running about ten minutes, they could hear them plainer, and at last got so near as to speak to the person: it was a man who was clinging to a large board, and was nearly exhausted. After a time they got him in, and finally reached the shore; the poor fellow was nearly gone, and could not speak a word, so they took him to a house, and, after awhile, by rolling and warming him, brought him to. It so happened that the house belonged to the governor, or whatever they call him; and as soon as he clapped his eyes on the man, he knew him, and had him taken to prison; and it turned out that, after all our trouble, we had only saved the poor wretch from being drowned that he might be hung; for it was proved by many who knew him, having seen the fellow before, and by pieces of the wreck which floated ashore, that he was nothing better than a real pirate, whose murders were so numerous they couldn't be counted. He had been taken twice before, but had escaped each time. The governor, to be sure of him, now ordered the execution to take place that day. We had leave to stay on shore and see it. He looked pale and half dead when they brought him out, and for the soul of me I couldn't help pitying him, he stepped so firm, and went so willingly to meet his death. He was led out to the gallows between two files of soldiers, and our parson talked to him all the way, but he paid no attention, and seemed to be thinking of something else—mayhap the fine vessel he had lost, and all that. We saw the poor fellow swung off, and then went back to our ship, but there was no laughing or joking that day, nor the next either, for we all felt as if we had some hand in it, and wished the poor man had been food for the fishes rather

than to have fallen a prey to land-sharks. The body was taken down, and then hung up in chains; and on our homeward voyage we saw them there rattling in the sea-breeze and bleaching in the sun. I have passed here often, but I have never forgotten to look for the gallows and the pirate's remains, and I shall never forget that night while I live.'

'All hands a-hoy!' shouted the boatswain, and in a moment I was left alone. Before I went to my berth, I took one more look at the dreaded object, and determined, if ever I found leisure, to commit the story to paper.*

THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPERS.

NEITHER the most humble individual, nor what is considered one of the meanest of occupations, is to be despised. This is illustrated by the following little story, which we quote from an old volume of the *Literary Gazette*:—

The sultan of a certain Eastern country gave notice, that on a particular day he would entertain the nobles of his court with some field-sports. The courtiers were immediately in a state of preparation, the attendants were every one upon the alert, and all was on the tiptoe of expectation, for all knew that a feast would follow, and all were eager to follow a feast, as the sultan was distinguished as an epicure, and his courtiers were not a pin behind him.

The wished-for day arrived, and at the first dawn the huntsmen, their helpers, and all that belonged to the train and pomp of an Eastern hunt, were in readiness. On the sultan himself, the prospect of the sport had made some impression, and he did not keep his nobles more

* We have copied the above from a collection of pieces, where it appears without any author or publisher's name, and are therefore not aware of the source whence it originated.

than three hours waiting. The prostrations were made, the sultan was seated, and a signal was given for his favourite repast, which, on days of exercise, he was accustomed to order; but, O wonder of wonders! the signal was not answered by the immediate appearance of the banquet. It was repeated with as little success. The courtiers who dared to look, rolled their eyes about in all directions, the mutes were distinctly seen to move, and the favourite sultana alone dared to meet the eye of her lord, and finding there no immediate killing orders, began to breathe freely; at the same moment a confused murmur was heard, and the venerable person of the chief cook was seen making his way to the throne, before the awful majesty of which, throwing himself as flat as the protuberance of his body would permit, he thus began :—

'Light of the Sun, Splendour of the Moon, Eclipse of the Stars, Mightier than the mightiest! the life of thy slave is but as a grain of sand before thee.' The sultan here cut short his speech along with his head—the prime minister was despatched to discover the cause the chief cook had been so long of coming, and he found the kitchen in consternation. He learned that the court chimney-sweeper, in order to ruin the cook, who had levied a tax in addition from the perquisites of his soot-bag, had neglected the orders for sweeping the chimney on the day previous to the hunt, whereby a quantity of soot falling on the fire, had spoiled the favourite mess.

By this time, the storm brewing on the empty stomach of the sultan had reached its climax, and scarce had his minister intimated the occasion, when an immediate order was given to execute all the chimney-sweeps in his metropolis. A few stragglers only were found on whom to execute this summary order. The principal court-sweep, foreseeing the consequences, had retreated with his family, and as many of his tribe as he could warn of the mischief which he knew would follow, to a neighbouring state then at war with his quondam prince.

But the sultan waits—and wait he must; for as to

having his victuals cooked by an ordinary cook at an ordinary kitchen, the thing was not to be done; so taking some dried sweetmeats and coffee in his harem, the day's pleasure was reversed; but the mischief was not over, for the palace kitchen could have no fire till the chimney was cleansed, and the sultan called a council, by which it was concluded, that chimney-sweepers were of use, and by proclamation a pardon was offered to such as would come forth from their concealments, and operate as before. But caution and distrust had so wrought on the sable community, that not one—if any had remained—appeared. The evil increased, foul chimneys were everywhere complained of, and a reward was added to the pardon of the sultan; but still without effect.

In the meantime, a few fires broke out, and a few houses were consumed, from the accumulation of soot; and such was the general panic, that men began to think of their own safety in preference to the homage due to their first magistrate; and even went so far as to accuse him of rashness, in hastily putting an end to what was discovered on all hands to be so useful and necessary a part of the community.

The sultan continued to assemble his councils, who were instructed in all the learning and wisdom of antiquity, but who had never yet discovered that so trifling an article as sweeping a chimney might inconvenience and even menace the overthrow of a mighty empire. Insurrections were already on foot, and the precipitancy of the monarch was the ground of complaint.

The scavengers now began to feel their importance, and the city was in danger of becoming a prey to pestilence from its filth; when the sultan, a politic man in the main, though a little too hasty, entered into negotiations with the exiled sweep-master, who, on the promise of a pardon, a place, and a pension, returned to the duties of his occupation, and brought his brethren of the brush over by making terms for them. Upon this turn of affairs, the other orders of the state returned respectively to their employment. As the grandees had by this time

undertaken to do their own dirty work, the ladies of the seraglio made their own beds, and the favourite sultana was said to have been seen mending her own stockings; for as the revolt had become general, the necessity of the case was urgent, and even young sweeps were in training from the younger children of respectable families; for as a title had been added by way of a douceur to the original mover of the revolt, the profession was no longer thought degrading.

It was thus that necessity first shewed the importance of an humble part of society, and pointed out a remedy, by putting them upon a more equal footing with the more wealthy and exalted; and the mutual compact was cemented; the sultan gave a grand hunt on the occasion, and a tolerable cook being obtained, a good fire and a clean chimney insured him his favourite meal, and the day went off without the loss of a single life, except that of a boar, which they brought home in triumph.

DELUGE IN THE VALLEY OF THE DRANSE.

At the opening of one of the subordinate valleys which branch out from the greater strath of the Valais, in Switzerland, stands the small city or town of Martigny, on the river Dranse, which was the scene of one of the most direful inundations which had ever occurred in that part of the world. This destructive deluge took place in the year 1818, and memorials of its visitation are yet observable both in the town and its vicinity. We quote the account of the catastrophe, in an abridged form, from an exceedingly beautiful work—*Switzerland Illustrated*, by Dr Beattie. (2 vols. Virtue: London.)

For a considerable time, the waters of the Dranse had gradually diminished, and at length almost disappeared. So unusual a phenomenon, it might have been supposed, would have led to some inquiry into the cause, and to a

salutary apprehension of consequences. This, however, was not the case. At length, in the month of April, some inhabitants, more curious than the rest, ascended the course of the river, to ascertain by what cause the water had been interrupted. On further inspection, they found that vast masses of the glaciers—frozen mountains of snow—of Getroz, and avalanches, had slipped from their perch, and, falling into a narrow defile between Mount Pleuser and Mount Mauvoisin, had formed an intercepting mound of ice and snow 600 feet wide and 400 feet high, which was supported on a base of 3000 feet. Behind this enormous and still increasing barrier, the impeded waters of the Dranse had formed a lake twelve furlongs in length. They now took alarm, and adopted immediate steps to prevent a catastrophe, which, unless speedily remedied, was unavoidable. In this emergency, M. Nenetz, the public engineer, a man of great skill and energy, was appealed to; and he immediately undertook to excavate a tunnel through this enormous mass of ice, and thus effect an escape for the waters. On the 10th of May, the enterprise commenced on both sides, at the height of twenty yards above the level of the water, which it was calculated would not rise above this height during the interval employed in perforation. Every judicious arrangement was made that could accelerate and secure the success of the enterprise; and the work, kept up without intermission by alternating gangs of fifty miners at a time, promised a speedy termination to the gallery, and the vivid apprehensions which the still accumulating danger awakened. The conduct of the engineer, and the intrepidity of those acting under him in this perilous duty, were above all praise. Night and day they continued at their post, neither intimidated by present danger, nor deterred by the symptoms of almost inevitable destruction. They acted like men devoted to the salvation of their homes, and threw themselves into the gap with the resolution to rescue their fellow-citizens, or sacrifice their own lives in the cause. This heroic spirit was every hour put to the severest test. Avalanches con-

tinued to fall; and the astounding crash and descent of fresh masses from the glacier, followed by a sudden swell in the waters of the lake, might have inspired terror in the stoutest heart.

On an average, the lake acquired a daily increase of two feet during thirty-four days; but in one instance it rose five feet, and threatened, by its vast and increasing pressure, to burst the dike. This sudden rise involved another dilemma; for if it should exceed the level of the gallery or tunnel, and the height they had calculated at commencement, their labours were forfeited. Dreadful noises, similar to those which precede an earthquake, were heard at intervals, occasioned by the disrupture of solid masses from the bottom of the lake, which, emerging to the surface, floated in detached icebergs of sixty or seventy feet perpendicular. Superior to all these obstacles, dangers, and the continued exposure to a freezing temperature, the men persevered with unexampled courage, and by the 4th of June, had carried the gallery 600 feet through the intervening mass. Unfortunately, the extremities of the tunnel did not meet in the centre, as they had calculated—that opening from the lake side being twenty feet lower than that from the external aperture. The men, accordingly, proceeded to sink the upper floor, and establish a thorough communication between the two compartments; but while thus occupied, the lake received fresh contributions from the impending glaciers, and began to discharge its waters the instant the perforation was completed. On the 13th of June, the rush commenced; but the diameter of the tunnel was too small to carry off the volume of water, and it accumulated to a height of two feet above the aperture. This, however, was speedily remedied; the vibration of the torrent, and its increased temperature from exposure to a summer atmosphere, by dislodging and melting the masses of ice, widened the artificial breach, and gave free scope to the impetuous stream. In fifty-six hours, the waters of the lake had lost thirty feet in depth; and as the floor of the gallery was every instant lowered by the

violent action of the vast body of water impelled through it, there was every hope that a very few days would have reduced the stream to its ordinary level; when a sudden and unforeseen circumstance defeated all their vigilance, and produced fresh alarm and consternation.

The cataract, in its descent from the external aperture —a fall of great height—had undermined the projecting base of the dike; and this important buttress gradually destroyed, the resisting force was overcome, the flood-gates burst open, and in half an hour the lake was drained to its bottom. In this half hour, 530,000,000 cubic feet of water passed through the breach—five times the volume of the Rhine at Basle, where it is 1300 feet broad! Its velocity at first was that of a headlong torrent, estimated at 100 feet deep, impelled by the vast mass behind; and at this rate it continued for thirteen miles, sweeping everything before it. Charged with enormous blocks of rock and ice, and uprooted pines, cattle, houses, and, painful to add, human beings, it reached Martigny, a distance of twenty-four miles, in an hour and a half—being pretty nearly the speed of a race-horse. Every bridge in its course was totally demolished; that of Mauvoisin, ninety feet above the ordinary level of the Dranse, was no exception; 400 cottages were swept away, involving a loss of many lives. Yet the sacrifice of human life was comparatively small, and this was the result of precautionary measures which had been enforced during the excavation. Signal stations were erected; sentinels planted along the heights, watch-fires, and pieces of ordnance ready charged, during the night—all were prepared to announce any sudden disruption of the dike. Such, however, was the security into which the inhabitants had been lulled, or such the terror occasioned by the sudden and appalling tidings at last, that thirty-four of them, bewildered or overtaken in their flight, fell victims to the inundation. The noise of the torrent was deafening, and as if all the cataracts of the Alps had been collected into one channel, and let loose upon the plain. Many escaped as if by miracle;

and among these, were an English gentleman and his guide, who saved themselves, with the loss of their carriage and horses. But for the devoted heroism of the engineer and his band, each of whom merits a statue, the destruction must have been sweeping and conclusive, and the town of Martigny as if it had never been. As it is, the damage seemed almost irreparable; and the actual loss of property during the two hours of inundation, is stated to have been upwards of 1,000,000 Swiss livres —an enormous sum in this country.

Among the tragic incidents connected with this disastrous night on the Dranse, is the fate of a young betrothed pair, natives of Lavey, and much esteemed by their comrades. On the fatal morning, the lover left his mistress, to make some arrangements at Martigny, previously to their marriage, which was to be solemnised on his return; but his return was for ever cut off by the inundation in which he perished. The shock was fatal to the reason of the unhappy survivor. The catastrophe has imparted to the little hamlet of Lavey a sympathetic interest among travellers of every class, which no degree of prosperity could have conferred.

NARRATIVE OF THE DEE, A MISSING WHALER.

The Dee sailed from Aberdeen on its northern expedition, on the 2d of April 1836, having on board a crew of thirty-three persons, including officers, and commanded by Captain Gamblin. The ship was freighted with the usual quantity of provisions, and possessed a most attentive surgeon in Mr Littlejohn. Having sailed northward, sixteen additional hands were taken on board at Stromness, in Orkney, and thence proceeding to Davis Straits, ice was reached on the 15th of May.

Being thus arrived near the fishing-ground, preparations were made for capturing any whales which might

make their appearance. The hopes of the crew, however, were in this respect baffled. For two or three weeks the weather was rather unsteady, and the progress of the vessel was considerably obstructed by loose ice and icebergs. On attaining latitude 66°, the icebergs were so numerous and dangerous, that serious fears were entertained for the safety of the vessel. After some delays, North-East Bay was gained, and the vessel was allowed to proceed as far as Frow Islands. An attempt was then made to move forward in a westerly direction, but the difficulties in this quarter proved so formidable, that the course was changed to about east-north-east, and, after several days' sailing, the *Dee* was fortunate enough to reach the north water in safety, accompanied by the *Swan* of Hull, and ten other vessels. Captain Gamblin now steered for Pond's Bay—on the west coast of Baffin's Bay—where he arrived on the 12th of August, without having encountered any material obstruction, one heavy patch of ice excepted. On the 13th, the first whale was seen, and the weather being fine, it was easily struck and secured. The fish were found to be plentiful in Pond's Bay, and, during the remainder of the month, other three were killed, and three dead ones picked up. The *Dee* then moved a little to the south, but was necessitated to return, having met with very heavy ice, and seen no fish. A number of vessels were at this time in Pond's Bay, one of which, the *Friendship* of Dundee, had been fortunate in killing fifteen whales. Finding the fish to be getting scarce, and the season being well advanced, Captain Gamblin thought it prudent to return homeward. He had gone but a short way, when he fell in with the *Grenville Bay*, the captain of which stated that he had tried a passage to the east, and had found it impracticable from the ice. It was now the 13th of September, and the crew of the *Dee*, beginning to entertain serious fears, went on short allowance. The captain then resolved to try the north passage, and succeeded in getting as far as 75°, in company with the *Grenville Bay* and the *Norfolk*., Cape Melville—on the north-east

coast of Baffin's Bay—was now in sight; but the bay ice was 'making too strong' to admit of further progress, and, after a consultation, the three vessels, on the 20th of September, bore away to the south. On the 23d, they were in latitude 71°, with heavy bay ice around them. Here they fell in with the *Thomas* and the *Advice*, of Dundee, which had also made an unsuccessful attempt to find a passage along the north-east coast, and had discovered that eight other vessels at least must have done the same, from the marks of as many ice-anchors seen on an iceberg. On the night of the 23d, the five ships had to be fastened, for greater security, to blocks of ice, called sconce-pieces. The three following days were spent in fruitless endeavours to find an opening to the south.

Though the weather had all along been rather easy, it appeared now but too plain to the unfortunate seamen, that the ice surrounded them on all sides. They submitted to a further reduction of allowance—three pounds of bread a week, with a proportionably small quantity of other provisions, being their mess. Again the five captains, after due deliberation, bore away to the north. On the 1st of October, the weather had become bad, with east-north-east winds, and snow, strong ice, and a heavy swell. Signals were once more hoisted for a consultation, but the Dundee vessels, though at this time in sight, did not observe the call. The determination come to by the other vessels was, to move as far south as possible for a wintering station. The failing of the wind, however, kept them nearly in the same place; and on the 8th, the whole five vessels were fast locked in ice, within sight of each other, in latitude 73° 12′, at the mouth of Baffin's Bay. On the 10th, it was found that the drift had carried them two and a half miles to the south, the wind being from the north and north-east. At this time the ice was so strong, that the men could pass between the ships, but in the immediate locality of the *Dee*, the swell caused frequent and dangerous disruptions.

From this date, the peculiar sufferings of the crew of the *Dee* may be said to have commenced. Their allow-

ance remained the same, but from the scarcity of fuel, their beds became wretchedly damp. At first, to preserve the health of the men, and to keep their shivering bodies in heat, the most praiseworthy precautions were taken. A variety of exercise was allotted to them, such as the unbending of the sails, unshipping the rudder, and other toils, of no utility now, unhappily, to the ship. But the crew of the *Dee* had not long to resort to unprofitable labours to maintain the vital warmth of their frames. Notwithstanding the increasing hardness of the frost, the ice still remained in a loose state, and a fatal crush on the ship became the subject of continual alarm. On the 16th, the latitude was 72° 50′, wind strong, and large icebergs floating past. The ice began to press hard, and on the night of the 16th, the vessel was crushed up till it hung by the quarter, the ice squeezing all along as high as the guard-boards. At daylight, all hands were called up to get out the provisions. At 8 P.M., the wind fell off, but the ship still hung by the quarter. The ice, however, was at rest till 11 P.M., when there was another dreadful crush, which passed off with less harm than could have been anticipated. On the 18th, the ice gave way in several places, and opened up so far, that a warp had to be got out to secure the *Dee*. The other vessels, meanwhile, lay comparatively undisturbed. On the 20th, the ice closed again, with some severe squeezes, around the *Dee*. To strengthen the ship, its casks were placed in a peculiar way, and ten strong beams put in aft. This was done most seasonably, for, shortly after, two successive shocks took place, within half an hour of each other, of such tremendous severity, that the crew fled to the ice with their bags, chests, and everything that could be lifted, under the impression that all was over with the timbers of the *Dee*. The sufferings of the night that followed were awful. Without fire, or shelter from the biting elements, the crew lay on the ice, gazing on their reeling and groaning vessel, while around them were extended vast fields of ice, studded with icebergs towering to the clouds, and threatening destruction to all that came in

the way of their motions. Miserable as their position was, the crew could not go on board for two days, during which time the ship experienced crushes still more severe than formerly. On the 22d, the men went on board to take out the remaining provisions, but had again to fly for their lives. The ice, however, fell quiet on the same night, and they again took back their provisions to the ship. On the 23d, a good many lanes opened up in the water—a most discouraging prospect, for this was always the time of greatest peril. Once more the crew took to the ice, and by cutting the nearest parts into small pieces, cleared the vessel a few feet. The men then went for a few hours to rest, but were roused by another crush—the signal that their labours had been in vain. On the 24th, the ice broke up to a considerable extent, and the crew managed to heave the *Dee* backwards for 100 yards, to a point where the ice seemed to be thinner. Great difficulties were experienced in conveying the chests and other articles left in the ship, but at length everything was again on board.

Warned by late dangers, and fearful of the wind, which blew from the most unpromising quarter, the north-east, Captain Gamblin resolved to cut a dock for the *Dee*. This was effected by the crew, aided by several men from the *Grenville Bay*, by means of heavy ice-saws, driven through the ice, as piles are sunk into the earth, and afterwards moved up and down by the men. In working the ice-saws, the crew suffered terribly from the frosting of their feet, consequent upon their standing in water. The *Dee*, when stationed in the cut dock, seemed to be in comparative safety. From the 26th till the 29th, the crew were chiefly employed in dragging ice in boats from the nearest bergs, to dissolve into water —the ice of the bergs being fresh. As the nearest berg was three miles distant, the severity of this labour may be imagined. A bear had been seen on the 26th, and on the 30th, other three were seen and fired at, but without effect. Indeed, two of the men had a narrow escape from the animals.

Though comfort is a word that can scarcely be applied to the situation of the *Dee's* crew—placed in a latitude of 72° 50′—subsisting, to the number of forty-nine men, on a miserable pittance of provisions—with beds freezing, and little or no fire to dispel the cold—yet the position of the whalers on the 1st of November may be termed comparatively comfortable. The ice was firm around them, and the men might hope not to be overwrought, as well as underfed. Alas! things did not long remain thus. On the 2d of the month, the dock gave way, and the ice again threatened to crush the vessel to pieces. This sad reverse did not overcome Captain Gamblin's firmness. He again got assistance from the *Grenville Bay*, and also from the *Norfolk*, and cut a new dock, in which, with much difficulty, the *Dee* was got moored. On the 3d, 4th, and 5th, the weather was very boisterous and snowy, and the sufferings of the crew were very great, their supply of coal being nearly exhausted. One boat was broken up for fuel, and another soon followed. On the 6th, the dock again gave indications of rending, and at night the destruction of the ship seemed so inevitable, that the men had to leave it. By an observation taken, it appeared that the *Dee* had drifted with the surrounding masses from 72° 50′ to 72° 23′. Provisions were further reduced on the 7th, and on the 8th and 9th great fears were entertained of a crush. Several of the men were severely frost-bitten in the face, which was relieved by rubbing the parts with snow. A new dock was cut on the 10th, and the ship rendered a little more secure. A bear and two foxes were seen, but made their escape, to the great disappointment of the men, who longed to taste fresh food. What a delicacy even fox-flesh would have been, may be conceived from the fact, that the tails of the whales on board were cooked and eaten with great relish by the men!

A great advantage at this time was derived by the crew from a yard of canvas, given to each of them by the captain, and made into boots with wooden soles. Consolation, also, of a higher nature was not wanting

to the distressed mariners. On Sunday the 13th, Mr Littlejohn the surgeon, at the request of almost all on board, began to read sermons and prayers—a duty frequently repeated afterwards, on week-days as well as Sabbath-days. The worship offered up by the crew was simple but sincere, and deeply consoling to themselves. The daylight had been for some time gradually becoming weaker, and on the 15th the sun was not visible—a thing novel to all on board, and rendered more depressing in its influence on their spirits, by the threatening appearance of the ice, which the wind, and the current, called the north-east water, still continued to keep in dangerous motion. An observation of the 16th, shewed the ships to be in latitude 71° 57′. Up till the 30th, nothing occurred worthy of observation, excepting the great change, beginning to be visible, on the healths of the men. Coughs, swelled limbs, and general debility, with small red discolorations on the skin, sharp pains and stiffness, were the common symptoms. Two foxes killed on the 3d of December, gave hopes that fresh provisions might yet be got in considerable quantities; but these hopes turned out vain. On the 5th, the latitude was found to be 71° 12′—shewing the drift to be still continuing.

On the 12th, when the frost was very severe, and the daylight nearly gone, the *Thomas* of Dundee, which lay furthest of the five ships from the *Dee*, was almost heeled over by a heavy pressure of ice, and the men reduced to a sad condition. On the 13th, the *Thomas* was a total wreck. Two of the crew died on the ice—the first deaths that had taken place. With great toil and hardship, the provisions were carried from the wreck by the men of the *Dee* and *Advice*, and were subsequently distributed, as were also the sailors of the *Thomas*, in equal divisions among the remaining ships. Unfortunately, the wrecked ship was too far off to supply firewood. Three days were spent in this labour, and the cold and wet to which the seamen were exposed in performing it, laid the seeds of that disease which now began to shew its fatal power. This disease was scurvy, and it was marked chiefly by

an excruciating pain in the mouth, and swelled gums, rendering eating a torture. On the 18th of December, twenty-one men were affected with scurvy. To add to their distress, the ice again gave way, and threatened to crush every one of the miserable vessels. The *Advice* and *Grenville Bay* were in greatest danger, and the crews were at times expectant only of death. The allowance of pork was reduced, on the 24th, to half a pound a day for each man. Some of the men of the *Dee* were now so bad with scurvy as to be confined to bed.

The 1st of January 1837 was a day of sorrowful remembrance, it being customary for the sailors of whaling vessels to be at that period in the enjoyment of all the pleasures of home, in the bosoms of their families. On the 2d, 3d, and 4th, scurvy was making rapid strides among the *Dee's* men—fresh provisions, the only cure for the complaint, being out of the attentive surgeon's reach. On the 5th, the men applied to Captain Gamblin for an increased allowance of provisions. This he declined to grant, expressing at the same time his hope, that they knew their duty better than to use force, which might certainly procure them their wish. To their credit, the crew disclaimed all desire to employ coercive means, and the gratified commander rewarded their forbearance, by giving each man a little additional flour to his mess. On the 6th, a brilliant sky gave hopes of the sun's speedy reappearance, and a large sheet of water on the starboard brought anticipations of release to the ships. A sad damp was thrown next day on these prospects, by the greater number of the crew of the *Dee* being unable to leave their beds, which were in a deplorable state from the intense cold, and also from vermin. On the 11th, the first death in the *Dee* took place, the sufferer being William Curryall, of Stromness. The funeral-prayer was read over the body by Mr Littlejohn, and the crew then, with hearts full of inexpressible sadness, carried it to a distant opening in the ice, where it was consigned to the deep. The daylight was now shewing signs of return; and on the 16th, the sun, a joyful spectacle, made his

reappearance in the heavens. Captain Gamblin, unhappily, did not long enjoy the sight of it. His health began to fail, and he was unable to make his customary observations. Under these depressing circumstances, the mate, finding the crew to become weaker day by day, prudently resolved to take in two reefs of the topsails, from the fear that all hands would be ineffective, if the vessel should get out to sea, and a gale come on. Only fifteen men were found able to go aloft on this duty, which was performed, according to an observation made by the mate, in latitude 69° 1′, the drift still continuing southward. Four of the men died between the 19th of the month and the 1st of February; and two days after, the heaviest stroke of all befell the *Dee*, in the death of its beloved commander. Captain Gamblin's body was placed in a coffin, to be carried home, at the desire of his friend Captain Taylor of the *Grenville Bay;* the other bodies were laid beneath the polar ice. To quote a solemn and expressive line of a humorous ballad—

'The iceberg is the monument that lies upon their graves.'

Though the whalers were at this time three or four degrees further south than at first, the frost was even more severe than ever. Every liquid was frozen; and while the snow was being melted, to cook the victuals, the icicles were hanging on the water-cask, at the distance of six feet from the fire. The beds were covered with solid ice—the pillows frozen in every part but where the head lay, the very hairs of which were in some cases stiff with cold—and vermin of a more rapacious kind began to swarm among the blankets; creatures that ate their way through the skin, and fed on the raw flesh. And the men all the while bowed down with mortal sickness, and incapable of defending or cleaning themselves! So scarce was fuel, besides, that it could only be used for the melting of ice and cooking of victuals. Can we wonder that ere the 12th of February, six others of the crew sank under their distresses? On the 13th, a good deal of water was seen not far off, but the

bay ice was still strong. The latitude, according to an observation on this day, was 67° 32′, and on the 16th it was 63° 33′, shewing the *Dee* to be moving rapidly to the south. The other vessels were advancing more slowly, the *Advice* being at this time not less than twenty miles further north than the *Dee*. Between the 23d and 27th, six of the survivors of the latter vessel died, and, by the 7th of March, other five had followed their departed mates. So many deaths as these enabled the remainder to enjoy full allowance of provisions. Six hands only were able at this time to do duty, and the ship was in great danger of a fatal squeeze from the state of the ice, which was loose, and rapidly breaking up. It was still so entire, however, as to permit the mate of the *Dee* to go over to the *Grenville Bay*, at this time not far off, and ask if Captain Taylor could render any assistance should the *Dee* get out into the open sea. Twenty of his men being on the sick-list, Captain Taylor could promise no help. The *Norfolk* and *Advice* were about seven miles distant from the *Dee* on the 9th; and on the 11th, the whaler of Dundee was seen moving with her sails set into the open sea. Between the 11th and 15th, three more of the *Dee's* crew died, and they were the last that were buried below the ice, which was now broken up in all directions. On the 16th, after being locked up for five months and eight days, the *Dee* entered into open water.

Great was the joy of the unhappy mariners on this occasion, but, alas! many of those yet alive were destined never to see their native shores. Fortunately, light and favourable breezes attended, in general, the passage of the ship homewards, otherwise not one man of the *Dee's* crew could ever have reached his home. The scurvy raged so fearfully on board, that between the 16th of March and the 22d of April, twenty more of the men had fallen victims to it. A ship was seen on the 20th, but it does not seem to have perceived the signals of distress that were hoisted by the whaler. On the 25th, a fishing-boat was hailed, and it was found that the *Dee* was then

off the Butt of Lewis. The fishermen in the boat cruelly refused to give any assistance, suspecting a case of plague, it is supposed. The bark *Washington* of Dundee, Barnett master, bound for New York, bore down upon the miserable whaler on the evening of the same day, and inquired if any assistance was wanted. On being informed of the state of matters, and that only three hands of the *Dee* were able to go aloft, Mr Barnett instantly sent four men on board, and followed in person, carrying with him wine, porter, and other provisions. He then took the *Dee* in tow, and enabled her to come to anchor, on the 27th of April, in the harbour of Stromness. Every attention was here paid to the survivors of the crew, and on the 5th of May, the owners having sent effective hands, the *Dee* was again put to sea, and carried into the harbour of Aberdeen, after an absence of thirteen months and three days. A heart-rending scene took place on the quay, which was crowded with the relatives of the deceased seamen—with weeping widows, children, and parents. Forty-six men had died on board the *Dee*, nine of whom belonged to the *Thomas* of Dundee. Fourteen men only survived of the *Dee's* own complement.

Thus ended this unhappy voyage. In the narrative from which the preceding account is condensed, and which has been drawn up from the notes of one of the survivors, David Gibb, and published at Aberdeen for his benefit, we find some judicious remarks on the propriety of storing whaling vessels, on all occasions, with a whole year's provisions and fuel, and also with a full medicine-chest. Individual seamen are even recommended to provide themselves amply with coffee and sugar, at their own expense. It is morally, and ought to be legally, incumbent upon all owners to attend to these directions, the product of dearly-bought experience.

The companions of the *Dee* in adversity—the *Norfolk*, the *Grenville Bay*, and the *Advice*—all reached their respective places of outfit in safety, as far as the vessels were concerned. The sufferings of the *Advice*, like those of the *Dee*, were terrible, and the loss of lives great. In

the other two ships, much misery also had been endured. None of the distressed vessels, we believe, had the good fortune to fall in with the ships which their sympathising country sent to the northern seas for their relief.

I MUST NOT LOVE.

BY THE LATE ANDREW JOHNSTON.

I MUST not love!—for envious Time
Its shoreless gulf between us throws;
As well might Lapland's snowy clime
Hold dalliance with the blushing rose.

I must not love!—for thou art fair,
And still that face but paints thy mind!
While I, disfigured by despair,
Own not one charm thy heart to bind.

I must not love!—for thou art dear,
Too dear to this impassioned heart;
No home have I thy life to cheer,
This bursting sigh proclaims: 'We part!'

I must not love!—for I must toil,
Unloved, unpitied, through life's scene;
My very heart's blood would recoil
To blend thy path with woes so keen.

I must not love!—for I have loved,
And felt that bitterness of fate—
To weep the loved one far removed
From life's unpitying, cheerless state.

I must not love!—farewell! farewell!
Maid of my heart, my sister-friend!
In vain I curb this passion-swell;
In thee I leave the world behind.

SAINT JOHN'S GATE.

ABOUNDING in historical associations as are all the northern suburbs of London, few, if any, yield in this respect to the district of Clerkenwell. 'Clerkenwell'—what recollections of olden times are there in the very sound!—'clerken,' the genuine Saxon plural of 'clerk;' and the well, beside which the scholars of those early days were perchance accustomed to meet on summer evenings, when the walk from the city lay not among crowded and noisy streets, but through scarcely traceable paths, among corn-fields and meadows, and scattered homesteads.

The very name carries us back to a remote period, probably even to Saxon times; but Clerkenwell is linked with many an early historical association. Along its western boundary, up the rapid Fleet—not then ignominiously stigmatised, as in later times, as 'Fleet Ditch,' and now condemned, sewer-like, to run underneath to the Thames, while thousands of London's inhabitants are as ignorant of its existence as of any river in central Africa—along this rapid stream, whence its name, the Danish fleet under King Sweyn passed, after burning Southwark, and anchored in triumph beside the spot still known as Bagnigge Wells. But there are still earlier associations: nine centuries before that Danish invasion, on the northernmost fields of Clerkenwell, that decisive battle was fought which gave Boadicea and her brave Iceni into the power of the Romans. And in later times that name often meets us on the page of history. Here was the wealthiest of the London female convents; here was the chief establishment, the Commandery of the Knights of St John; and here, on the green, just beside the well, during many a generation, did the fraternity of the parish-clerks of London perform at stated periods their miracle plays—those curious performances, which

lasted often for six, eight, or twelve days, involving, too, a wide range of incident, since they began with the Creation and ended with the Last Judgment. And here, in Clerkenwell fields, did the 'Lords Appellant,' under the guidance of Earl Thomas of Glo'ster, encamp against Richard II., and receive the keys of the city from its lord mayor, Sir Nicholas Exton. In these fields, too, Sir John Oldcastle, the great patron of the Lollards in Henry V.'s reign, sought refuge from his pursuers; and into these fields Edward of York came after the battle of St Albans, and depending on his unrivalled beauty and fascinating address, proffered himself to the easily excited citizens as their king, and, encouraged by their shouts, rode on to Westminster, mounted the throne, and snatched the sceptre from the House of Lancaster.

And still, in the later periods of our history, Clerkenwell and its fields have been the scene of many a minor historical incident. Many a traitor and many a patriot has sought refuge here; many a hunted seminary priest, in the reign of Elizabeth, and many a proscribed Puritan in the days of her successors, too, have here baffled the fiercest pursuit of the fiercest intelligencer.

How interesting a place would Clerkenwell be, if of each, or even of but a few of its historical associations, some outward and visible memorial remained, whether sculptured in marble, or written in crumbling stone, or shadowed forth in the unchangeable features of natural scenery! But commandery and convent, church and lordly mansion, monument and inscription, have alike mouldered into dust; field, tree, even *river*, are all gone; Clerkenwell fields are crowded with streets and squares and terraces, and with the solitary exception of St John's Gate, all has passed away like a dream. But how many historical and antiquarian and literary associations linger around that old gate!—that gate, with its fair pointed archway, and its loophole windows and battlemented turrets, standing in the midst of modern houses, looking down upon gaslights and new experimental pavement.

At the close of the eleventh century, the whole of

Clerkenwell, and many a fair possession beside, belonged to Jordein Brisset, probably a follower of the Conqueror, and by him and his wife, Muriel, were founded in this place first a Benedictine priory for nuns, and then the Priory and Church of St John of Jerusalem, devoted to the service of the Knights Hospitallers, that chivalrous order which, for seven centuries, 'was the sword and buckler of Christendom in the Paynim war.' These 'warrior monks' were divided into three classes: the first consisted of men of patrician ancestry and high military station, the second of priests, the third of serving-brothers. The first class, or Knights of Justice, were those who have rendered the name of the Knights of St John celebrated throughout Christendom, since it was their lances that turned the tide of warfare in many a perilous fight on the plains of Palestine, and for long after held secure possession of Rhodes, though assailed by the united Ottoman power.

It is probable that, although gifts and endowments rapidly flowed in, there was some delay in the completion of the building, since it was not until many years after the death of its founders, who were buried in the church of their earlier foundation, where two of their daughters had taken the veil, that the Church of the Hospitallers was consecrated. It was no English prelate, not even the primate of Canterbury, that was chosen to perform this ceremony; but Heraclius, Patriarch of Jerusalem, who, visiting England to stir up the minds of her people to attempt once more the rescue of 'that sweet land over the sea,' as the Croises fondly termed the Holy Land, was most appropriately invited to consecrate the Church of St John of Jerusalem; and in the year 1185, both this and the venerable church of the brother order, the Templars—that beautiful circular church, which still remains one of the most interesting relics of old London—received their designation from his hands. Of the form or size of this church, we have no information; but, judging from the beauty of the Old Temple Church, we may well suppose that the white-cross brethren did not

fall behind their red-cross rivals in the splendour of their ecclesiastical buildings. When rebuilt by the last prior but one, only a few years before its suppression, it was remarkable for its size and splendour; and its noble tower, carried up to a height unusual even in those days, formed one of the most beautiful objects on which the eye, in approaching London, could rest. As this establishment was chief of the priories of this order in England, it enjoyed all those rights of territorial jurisdiction which the mitred abbeys possessed; and its grand-prior, in his parliament robe of scarlet, took his place in the great council of the land.

But few notices of these English knights and their deeds have been handed down to us: perhaps the Knight of St John scorned the patient labours of the chronicler, and thus, when the inscription on his tomb was obliterated, all record of his prowess was lost. From Matthew Paris, however, we learn that the Commandery of St John, Clerkenwell, sent out a goodly array of warriors during the period of the later Crusades; and that, in 1237, the forces of the Latin Christians having been greatly reduced, Bertrand de Texis, the grand-master, summoned large succours from the west, and a gallant company of 300 knights, preceded by Theodoric, their prior, and by their white-cross banner, set out from Clerkenwell; and as they passed over London Bridge, they saluted, hood in hand, with true knightly courtesy, the crowds that gathered round to see them depart, and asked their blessings and their prayers. Nor were they only to be found on foreign battle-fields, or waging war on the Paynim. With their brethren the Templars, they joined with the barons in demanding the Great Charter; and during the turbulent reign of Henry III., they were steadfast on the side of freedom. Robert de Maneby, their prior, was unceasing in his efforts to promote the welfare of the land during that period; and throughout all that long political contest which may be viewed as commencing with the reign of John, and only ending with the abdication of Edward II., the Hospitallers, like their

other ecclesiastical brethren, seem to have taken the popular side. On the suppression throughout Europe, in 1307, of the rival brotherhood of the Templars, the Hospitallers of England, like those on the continent, became possessed of much of the forfeited property. The chief establishment of the Templars, still known by its ancient name, the Temple, became theirs; and the Society of Serjeants-at-Law, to whom soon afterward they leased it, held it as tenants of the Hospitallers till the period of the dissolution. It was probably their immense wealth that excited the fury of the mob under Wat Tyler, in 1382, and caused the murder of their grand-prior, who was beheaded in the courtyard, the site of St John's Square, and the utter destruction of the whole commandery. Indeed, the rage of the mob seems to have been especially directed against this powerful order, and it is the more remarkable, seeing that they had always taken the popular side; for, not content with beheading the prior, and burning the whole of the commandery to the ground, a large body of rioters proceeded to Highbury, expressly for the purpose of burning the prior's house there. From the serious losses thus incurred, the Hospitallers seem but slowly to have recovered; and although it is probable the establishment was soon rebuilt, we yet find that within little more than 100 years, the whole required rebuilding. This work was commenced during the later years of the fifteenth century, under the superintendence of Sir Thomas Dockura, who, according to Camden, 'increased it to the size of a palace.' It must, however, in former times have been almost palatial, since King John, as we find from his *Itinerary*, remained here during the greater part of the month of March 1212; and when Alexander III. of Scotland visited him at London, the priory of St John of Jerusalem was yielded up for his reception. And in subsequent times, our kings seem occasionally to have held their councils here; and here was that held in the sixteenth year of Henry VI.'s reign, which reduced the power of the lord-protector to that of mere president of the council.

From the plates in Dugdale, we can form a very fair estimate of the later building. The castellated style evidently prevails, in this case most appropriately, over the ecclesiastical; and the venerable gate, looking exactly as it does now, but flanked by strong walls, above which appear the trees of the gardens, seems a fitting chief entrance to an establishment whose members were knights as well as religious brethren. A most spirited grand-prior does Sir Thomas Dockura appear to have been. Many a knight went out under his auspices to the Isle of Rhodes, where the Knights of St John were, almost single-handed, fighting the battle of the Cross against the Paynim; and right willingly would Sir Thomas Dockura himself have personally aided, had the rules of the order allowed the grand-prior to quit his commandery for foreign service. On the death of Caretto, the forty-first grand-master, Dockura aspired to the vacant dignity, and the voices of his contemporaries declared him well fitted. The great preponderance of French knights in the chapter, however, decided against him; and Villiers de l'Isle Adam, one of the most illustrious of an illustrious order—the valiant grand-master who waged from his little island that desperate warfare against the armament of Solyman the Magnificent for so many months, and at length, when forced to capitulate, received every honour from the victor—succeeded.

With the loss of Rhodes, the troubles of the English portion of the Hospitallers seem to have commenced. Taking advantage of the misfortunes of that gallant order in foreign lands, Henry VIII. usurped the patronage, and demanded military service from the knights. The venerable De l'Isle Adam repaired in person to Henry, and by skilful management postponed for the present those measures which, probably from the very time when the noble buildings were completed by their princely grand-prior, he had meditated. But the storm which had long been gathering at length burst upon the English Knights of St John. In 1534, the order was abolished, and all

their estates confiscated. Four knights suffered on the scaffold for refusing to change their faith according to act of parliament, and others were imprisoned. To Sir William Weston, the last grand-prior, the large pension of L.1000 a year was offered, but, overwhelmed with grief, he declined it, and soon afterwards died. An altar tomb, on which his effigy, in the last stage of emaciation, was placed, formerly stood in the chancel of the old Church of St James; but his body, now of a consistence and appearance greatly resembling dark-brown leather, may still be seen in the crypt beneath the chapel, where of old he worshipped. The yearly rental of this establishment, at the time of its suppression, is estimated at L.2591; but this was most probably far below the real income. The site was granted to John Dudley, Lord Lisle; the church became a kind of storehouse for the king's tents; and the gate became the property of Sir Roger Wilbrahand.

A general scene of destruction soon after ensued. The greater part of the church was pulled down, and the noble bell-tower blown up by gunpowder, that the stones might be used in the erection of the Lord-Protector Somerset's house in the Strand; and during the reign of Elizabeth, those portions of the establishment which could not easily be converted into dwelling-houses, seem to have been pulled down, and the materials used for building others: by what means the gate alone remained untouched, we cannot ascertain. Toward the close of the sixteenth century, the tide of fashion first began to set in westward, and, strange as it may appear to many of our readers, Clerkenwell seems actually to have been the May-fair of the seventeenth century. Lord Berkeley's house closely adjoined St John's Gate; the mansion of the Earl of Ailesbury rose upon the very site of the priory, and joined the chapel—now St John's Church—but which, until the year 1724, when it was made a parish church, was designated as 'Lord Ailesbury's chapel;' and Lord *Howard and Lord Northampton, and many others of the nobility, resided here.* And among them were some

celebrated in their day—the Countess of Sunderland, Waller's Sacharissa; Sir Dudley North, the celebrated lawyer; and the Duke of Newcastle, that gallant leader of the Cavaliers; and the 'thrice noble, illustrious, and excellent princess, Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle,' his literary wife, whose collected works extended to twelve volumes folio, but which now are as completely forgotten as the place which she once inhabited—yet not *completely* forgotten, for Charles Lamb more than once expressed pleasure in turning over them, and perchance a day may yet come when the 'stately Margaret,' through the medium of a judicious selection from her works, may again become known. This was indeed a literary as well as an aristocratic quarter during the seventeenth century; for Weever, the author of *Funeral Monuments*, dwelt on the green; and here Sir Dudley North wrote his lives; here a great portion of the 'thrice noble' Margaret's works were written; and at his house, in St John's Square, just under the shadow of the gate, did Bishop Burnet write his *Life and Times*. At a still later period, a more illustrious writer than any here mentioned resided —the author of the truthful *History of the Plague*, and of the inimitable *Robinson Crusoe*—Daniel Defoe.

Perchance it was the very genius of the place that induced Mr Edmund Cave, when he at length had collected money enough to purchase a small printing-office, and to open a bookseller's shop (for the trades of printer and bookseller were still conjoined), to establish himself beneath St John's Gate, which from henceforth was to claim a celebrity peculiarly its own. We are not aware of the exact year when Mr Cave opened his shop; but the year which was to render St John's Gate famous throughout Britain and her dependencies, was the year 1731, for then was it that the *Gentleman's Magazine* first saw the light.

What a picture of the low state of printing, engraving, authorship, even of paper-making, does this first number of the *Gentleman's*—that exemplar of so popular and so influential a class of literature—present! The greasy-

looking ink, the ill-formed letters, the wood-cuts on the two title-pages—the hand with the gathered flowers, and the venerable gate—both rivalling the most worn-out cuts in the stock of Mr Catnach of Seven Dials celebrity. Why, in type, paper, and, above all, in wood-cuts, the meanest publications of the present day are immeasurably superior. Nor can greater praise be awarded to the literature. The first pages consist of extracts from the leading newspapers; 'which,' as the editor remarks in his preface, 'of late are so multiplied as to render it impossible, unless a man makes it his business, to consult them all,' since 'no less than 200 half sheets per month are thrown from the press only in London. What would be the surprise of Sylvanus Urban, gentleman (venerable name!), could he behold the dozen daily papers published in London alone, and the giant *Times* and its three supplements! The extracts from these papers are, however, curious, as shewing the state of public feeling, and the low state of newspaper literature. The *Craftsman*, the leading journal of the day, and devoted to the Opposition, with prosing remarks about Queen Elizabeth and liberty of the press—Sir Robert Walpole having just then imprisoned the printer, and commenced half-a-dozen state prosecutions against its proprietors. The *London Journal*, full of noisy nothings about patriotism and 'Protestant succession'—the government paper, and therefore bound to oppose the *Craftsman* day by day. And *Fog's Journal*, the favourite of country gentlemen, because it lamented over the good old times, and occasionally indulged in a quiet, cautious piece of Jacobitism, principally in the form of a parody on the Birthday Ode, or an epigram on 'Bob,' or 'Hanover rats.' And the *Grub Street Journal*, which took science and literature, 'after a fashion,' under its care, and which is said to have afforded to Cave the first hint of his Magazine. From each of these, and half-a-dozen more, extracts are given which fill the greater part; next comes the poetry, also collected from the papers, consisting of Cibber's New-year's Ode; a very good parody on it; a most laudatory address to Sir

Robert, who is 'guardian of Britannia's glory,' taken from his own *London Journal*, and *five* epitaphs on Mr Oldfield—three in Latin and two in English heroics. The monthly intelligence follows; then prices of goods, deaths, &c.; and lastly, the list of books published—and a curious list it is—commencing with *The History of Executions; an Account of Thirteen Malefactors Hanged at Tyburn, and Six at Leicester and York*—all for the charge of 4d.; letters to the editor of the *Craftsman*, for him and against him, varying in price from 6d. to 1s.; a volume of *Modern History*, for 6d.; sundry sermons, the same price; a treatise on the gout, and the art of horsemanship. Only one work of any merit finds a place —this is a portion of Rapin's *History of England*.

But, miserable as the first number of the *Gentleman's Magazine* may appear in our eyes, it presented no ordinary attractions to our great-grandfathers. The sale erelong amounted to some thousands monthly, and to push it yet more, Mr Cave, in 1734, offered a prize of L.50 to the writer of the best English poem on *Life, Death, and Judgment*. It does not appear whether this prize was ever awarded; but we learn that Mr Cave was much disappointed to find that not a single author of note came forward as a competitor. The offer, however, was not without its beneficial results; for a young scholar, attracted by the notice, wrote to Cave, offering, 'on reasonable terms, sometimes to fill a column,' and recommending an occasional dissertation in Latin or English, and poems and inscriptions never printed before; adding, that such articles would be much better 'than low jests and dull scurrilities'—a remark by no means unnecessary, since in the earlier numbers of the magazine, often side by side with Greek hexameters or elegant Latin verses, the grossest ribaldry, such as would not in the present day be endured in a pot-house, is too often to be found. He concludes his modest letter by requesting an answer addressed to 'S. Smith;' but the writer was no other than the great Samuel Johnson. The answer which Mr Cave sent has not been discovered; and whether,

previously to his visit to London, Johnson had become a contributor to the Magazine, is uncertain; but on his arrival in 1737, he obtained a regular engagement, and, singularly enough, one of his first productions was, what scarcely an editor in the present day would thank him for—it was an elegant poem in Latin alcaics, addressed to Sylvanus Urban. And there, beside that gate, did our great lexicographer stand, in threadbare coat, often thankfully receiving the dinner that Mrs Cave, with motherly kindness, proffered him, but uttering no complaint against fortune, that capricious goddess of the vain and the indolent; indulging in no fruitless lamentations over his hard fate, or bitter sarcasms on the literary world that knew not his merit, but patiently 'girding up his mind' to the task before him, although often it was merely to correct proof-sheets. What a lesson is his for the young literary aspirant! and how did he, in after-years, prove the truth of that axiom—that merit ever meets its reward.

From henceforth, the *Gentleman's* aspired to the dignity of original compositions, and the public welcomed the improvement. The sale rapidly increased, until it amounted to 15,000 monthly—an astonishing number, when the unintellectual character of the age is considered. And well pleased was Mr Cave with his success; so he purchased 'an old coach and an old pair of horses,' and commenced 'the gentleman' himself. But, unwilling to take proper armorial-bearings, 'lest folk should say that he was proud,' our worthy bookseller, on the same principle that led Mrs Gilpin to order the chaise to stop three doors off, chose neither bend, chevron, nor even cross, although the patriarchal cross, the arms of the Knights Hospitallers, was sculptured on the gate above him; but the gate itself, 'proper,' as the heralds say, and this was painted on the pannels of his old coach, and engraved on his plate. Nor did Mr Cave forget the young scholar to whose aid he had been so greatly indebted; he continued his liberality and his friendship to him until the day of his death. It was under his auspices that

Johnson undertook several works; among others, a *History of Parliament;* and when at length, in 1754, our prosperous bookseller died, Johnson, now rising rapidly into public notice, paid the last friendly tribute to him who had been his 'best Mæcenas,' in a neat and affectionate memoir.

With the death of Cave, the history of St John's Gate closes. No black-mailed knight now sweeps beneath its archway, no 'velvet carroch' conveys the stately lady to her 'garden-house' on Clerkenwell Green; no politicians now stand in groups under the penthouse of Mr Cave's low shop, criticising the speeches of 'the parliament of Lilliput,' and casting, perchance, a scornful look at the threadbare young scholar, who stands, proof in hand, beside them. But the imagination, aroused by the sight of that venerable structure, can call up all these. Oh, the pleasant power of the imagination—the witching charm of historical associations—that can repeople so many a deserted place, and bid us, like the tranced sultan of Arabian fable, live over the incidents of many years in one short hour!

A WINTER JOURNEY IN THE HUDSON'S BAY TERRITORY.

THE sufferings endured by travellers in the wild unbeaten tracts of country lying betwixt Canada and the Hudson's Bay territory on the north, are severe enough in good weather, but are fearfully augmented during winter, or when the snows set in and cover the well-known landmarks. Still, many individuals are necessitated to make these dismal journeys, especially those engaged in the fur-trade and other mercantile pursuits. In a number of a St Louis paper, we find the following

account given by a young gentleman of his travels with two companions from the remote colony of Red River, in the Hudson's Bay territory, to St Peter's, in the beginning of 1837:—

'We bade adieu to our friends at the Red River settlement on the 27th of February, at which time the ground was covered with snow, but this was a circumstance which did not intimidate us, as the snow is frequently hard on the surface, and forms good walking-ground. My companions were a Mr Richard Hayes, and a Mr Ignatius Parys. We proposed walking across the plains on snow-shoes to Fort Snelling, St Peter's: the distance, as it is necessary to travel in winter seasons, being 750 miles. We were provided with a Metiff, or half-blood, a native of the colony, as guide, and dogs, and traineau to carry our provisions, buffalo-robes, blankets, &c. The weather in February had been unusually mild for the north climate of Red River settlement, and at the time of our departure, some of the oldest inhabitants predicted our subsequent sufferings and disaster, saying that March would be terribly cold and stormy, and at the same time giving us the unpleasant information, that they not only considered, but actually knew, March to be the most dangerous month in the year to travel the plains in.

'We too soon realised the predictions of the old hunters. From the 4th to the 15th of March, we had scarcely a day without a storm. In fact, the weather was a continuation of storms. At different times we had been obliged to pass eight days in encampments. These delays had fearfully reduced our food. We were aware of our great distance from any trading post, where alone we could expect to get relief, knowing that there were no Indians within 300 miles of our route, from the almost total absence of the buffalo, as we saw but sixteen in travelling 500 miles. Our only alternative was to push on as fast as possible to the trading establishment of the American Fur Company, at Lake Travers, near the head waters of St Peter's river. But we found it easier to determine *than to effect*. Continued exposure to the cold

without a sufficiency of food (which, little as it was, we had frequently to eat in a frozen state), had so weakened us, that it was with difficulty we could drag one foot after another; and our feet were so severely lacerated by the frozen cords of the snow-shoes, that it was no uncommon thing to see the blood oozing through our moccasons.

'Such was our miserable condition, when, on the 17th March, we were suddenly overtaken in the plain by a storm of snow and sleet from the north-west, which I shall not attempt to describe. At the time the storm came on, we were about five miles from a point of wood which lay in our route. I happened to be in front, the dogs following close to me; Mr Hayes not more than fifty yards behind; Mr Parys more than a mile distant. The morning having been very fine, the guide, not apprehending any danger, had left us to follow the track of a deer, intending to cross the plain in another direction, and meet us at the wood, to which we were hastening, when the storm came on, wetting us through our skin and blanket coats, which soon became stiff with frost, and enveloping us in dense clouds of drifting snow, from which we found it difficult to escape half suffocated.

'Fortunately, I had noticed the sudden change of the wind from north-west to north, and shaped my course accordingly, still hoping to reach the wood; upon which Mr Hayes, who was then quite near me, observed that we were going wrong, and would certainly perish. I replied: "No, no—follow me as quick as you can." At that instant I saw him stoop to arrange his snow-shoes. I continued on a few paces—an immense cloud of drifting snow hid him from my sight, and I never afterwards saw him. I had not proceeded more than two miles, when I fell down a deep ravine, and before I could extricate myself out of the snow, was nearly suffocated. Upon regaining the edge of the ravine, I found the dogs and traineau completely buried in a snow-bank. After digging them out with one of my snow-shoes, I managed to pass the ravine, and in a short time found myself at the edge of a small wood, which I afterwards found to be the same

for which we had started in the morning, and where we were to have waited for the guide.

'The wood afforded but little shelter, being only a few straggling oaks upon a rising-ground, and after a number of fruitless attempts, I had to abandon all hope of being able to make a fire during the continuance of the storm, which seemed to increase with tenfold violence. Having made a hole in a snow-bank, I rolled myself up, covered as I was with snow and ice, in buffalo robes and blankets, and got under the snow, where I lay till the following morning. My sufferings were severe. For more than sixteen hours, I had almost constantly to keep rubbing my hands and feet, to save them from being frozen, and at the same time to keep myself from falling asleep, for which I had the greatest desire; knowing well that should I allow sleep to overcome me, I would perish. I believed that my companions would perish, and I had but little hope of again seeing the guide.

'Thus I was alone in a strange country—the route unknown to me, even should I escape the horrors of the night—buried in a snow-bank in a half-frozen state, fearful that I would be unable to kindle a fire after the storm had ceased; and to add to the gloominess of my situation, I was annoyed all night by the howling of innumerable wolves in concert with the raging storm. At dawn, I crept from under the snow, and fired two shots. Soon after, the guide came up, and informed me that he had, after wandering for more than four hours in the plain, by mere chance fallen into a small wood about seven miles to the west, where he had managed to keep himself from freezing by making a large fire, being well provided with materials for that purpose.

'Mr Parys was found half buried in snow, and almost dead. He survived four days. All search for Mr Hayes proved ineffectual; and as he had not taken the precaution to provide himself with materials for making a fire, there can be no doubt of his fate. Even had he lived through the night, which I think impossible, he must have perished afterwards, from either cold or hunger.

'Being without any food except part of one of the dogs which we had been obliged to kill, we had nothing but the melancholy alternative of leaving Mr Parys behind in a hut made of our buffalo-skins, and hastened to the trading establishment, upwards of seventy miles distant, for relief. Having remained one day near the scene of our disaster, the guide and myself set out at two in the afternoon, and on the following day at dark we reached the trading establishment. Men were immediately despatched for Mr Parys, with orders to search for the body of Mr Hayes. They returned in eleven days, bringing in the body of Mr Parys, whom they found dead in the lodge we had made for him. Everything in the hut indicated that he had died on the second or third day of our departure.

'Mr Parys was a native of Poland, and formerly an officer of the Polish army. He had served with General Romarino during the revolution in Poland, and was in all the battles of that desperate struggle. After the fall of Warsaw, he left his unhappy country, and travelled through Germany, France, and England. He came to America in the spring of 1835, and at the time of his death, was about thirty-seven years of age. Mr Hayes was from Glenmire, county of Cork, Ireland, and was twenty-one years of age.'

ZOOLOGICAL RECOLLECTIONS.

THE popular story of Whittington and his Cat has probably some foundation in fact, although there is just reason to believe that the famous Lord Mayor of London was not indebted to one of the feline race for the foundation of his fortunes. The same story is common in Persia; and it seems exceedingly likely, that not one only, but many persons, may have found a cat a very useful investment in trading to remote islands. Rats and mice abound *in every* part of the world, but, originally, cats were only

to be obtained in particular countries: there are records to prove the scarcity of this useful animal, both in England and in Wales, and the high prices for which they sold; the price of a kitten being a penny, and that of a cat, after it had evinced its destructive powers by killing a mouse, twopence. At this day, a female cat is not permitted to be taken off the island of St Helena, and at the first occupation of the island of Ascension, cats were the most acceptable gifts that the colonists could receive. The prolificness of the cat, though beneficial to man, is disadvantageous to itself; for if the species were more scarce, it would enjoy a much higher degree of favour. The extreme beauty of the animal, its natural grace, and extraordinary sagacity, are not very highly appreciated, since the object possessing these advantages has become so common as almost to degenerate into a nuisance. In Ascension, cats, having been allowed to go wild, have now increased to such an extent, as to be nearly as great a pest as the rats; while keeping down the superabundance of vermin, they destroy the eggs and the young of those numerous birds which formerly might be taken in any quantity by the crews of vessels touching at the island. Cats have either not thriven so well in St Helena, or care has been taken to keep them in a more domesticated state, for the rats are there spoken of as being the grand destroyers of game.

The moment that man has appeared upon any scene, however savage, he is certain to be surrounded by three different species of animals—the mouse, the sparrow, and the common fly; and the first and last in such quantities, that he is speedily obliged to take measures against them. The crews of shipwrecked vessels compelled to take up their residence for a time in some desolate place, have usually found their temporary habitations to be dreadfully infested with rats or mice; to such persons a cat proves an inestimable treasure, and, indeed, it would be scarcely possible to exist in comfort in any situation without one of these determined destroyers of vermin.

In India, the belief that these useful animals are con-

nected with, and become the agents of, those who practise forbidden arts, is very prevalent. In sick-chambers, and more especially those of women at the period of child-birth, great care is taken that a cat should not enter the room, in order, it is said, to prevent the misfortunes which its presence might occasion; and even the very name of a cat is not allowed to be mentioned, as it is considered to be a witch. This prejudice extends to Mohammedan families, although the cat is a sort of privileged animal with them, in consequence of a tradition respecting the tenderness shewn to one of the species by the Prophet himself. It is stated that, finding a cat sleeping one day on the sleeve of his caftan, he ordered it to be cut off, preferring to wear the garment thus mutilated rather than disturb his favourite, or his daughter's favourite, for, upon recollection, the cat was said to have belonged to Fatima. In some Mohammedan countries, the veneration for an animal petted by the promulgator of the religion, is carried to so great an extent, that hospitals are founded for the purpose of affording asylums for cats. It is not, however, in large communities, such as these hospitals afford, that the mental faculties of the cat will be fully developed; the persons in charge of the animals may render them exceedingly tame and orderly, but it is close association and domestication with men which is required to shew the extent of their intelligence. A celebrated ornithologist states, that, while pursuing his studies in America, he was indebted for some of the rarest specimens of the birds he sought after to a favourite cat. After a time, this animal having watched her master very closely, seemed to comprehend at least so much of his employment, as to see that he rejoiced at procuring a strange bird. She, therefore, went out into the woods, and surprised him by bringing in a specimen of a curious tribe, which, from its slyness, he had long sought after in vain. Happening once to be writing at a mansion in India, in which the family were what may be termed *cat-fanciers*, keeping a breed of Persians, I was much pleased *with the kindness* and sagacity which one of them shewed

to a stranger. She had had kittens, but they were grown up, and had been given away, when a friend sent a remarkably pretty specimen of one bred in her own house, which was taken from its mother as soon as it could be fed without her assistance. This kitten, upon being introduced, went immediately up to the before-mentioned female, and attempted to suck; there was no milk, but the cat treated her very kindly, while the others seemed disposed to be hostile. In order to prevent the kitten from straying out of our sight upon leaving the breakfast-room, we took her with us, and put her upon a pianoforte, which was too high for her to jump from; soon afterwards, we observed the cat with which she had previously made acquaintance, come into the apartment with a fried fish in her mouth, which she had taken out of the cook-room, and which formed part of the morning meal of herself and her companions. Leaping on the pianoforte, she began to feed her protégée; an act of most disinterested kindness—for though cats that have prematurely lost their kittens will perform the maternal office to animals of a nature perfectly contrary to their own, under these circumstances they experience a relief which is grateful to them, and rejoice at having an object on which they can lavish the affection, that may be termed an instinct rather than a sentiment at the time.

When cats live in solitary houses, and are either not much noticed by their human protectors, or are left a good deal in the company of other animals, they will form rather odd friendships. One of the strangest that came under my observation was that between a cat and a pigeon; for though the pigeon is rather a valiant bird, it must have been conscious that it had a very small chance against the cat, should the latter incline to be hostile; and my experience has shewn, that the natural apprehension that the cat would employ its superior strength in some aggression, has prevented much of the social intercourse which puss is desirous to establish. A cat of my acquaintance would be but too happy to be upon friendly terms with a perroquet; but the latter will not be conciliated, and will

take every opportunity that offers to bite the cat's tail. It tolerates puss, however, so far as to allow it to lie close to the cage in the porch of the house, while, should any strange cat enter the garden, its screams are terrific. To return to the warlike propensities of the pigeon. I had once several pets of this kind, that lived in cages, but were allowed to be at large for some hours every day: their cages were brought into what is called an inner or second veranda in India, and the doors being opened, they were permitted to walk out. They usually came into the drawing-room, and amused us with their antics, some strutting about backwards, with their heads perfectly buried in the large fan tails which they erected in the manner of a peacock. While thus engaged, the squirrels, swarming about the house in hundreds, would come to the cages, take possession, and eat the peas provided for the legal owners. The instant that the pigeons were made acquainted with this invasion, they hurried to their cages, and drove the intruders out, expressing excessive indignation at the theft; while the depredators, though forced to retreat, and sometimes well beaten by the wings of their assailants, would watch their opportunity and come again, when the same scene would be reacted. The common squirrel of India is a very small, but a very beautiful creature, having three dark stripes along the back, and a splendid feathery tail, so fine as almost to resemble the gossamer; it is armed, however, with sharp teeth, and is a fierce, and rather savage animal, exceedingly exclusive in its attachments. One which was tamed in our family, never would tolerate any person except his master, and in his absence, it bit everybody else so furiously, that we were obliged to put on gloves whenever we attempted to feed it, or touch its cage. The sparrows and the squirrels living in the eaves of the same veranda were by no means good friends: and we discovered that the latter, if in want of a meal, would make no scruple of attacking *its feathered* neighbours. One day an unusual hubbub *brought me into* the veranda of the bungalow, which, being *thatched,* afforded accommodation to various animals,

and I saw a squirrel with a sparrow in its claws, which it would have speedily demolished, had not the other sparrows hastened to the rescue. Their numbers gave them the victory, beating him with their wings, pecking at him, and chirping vigorously; at the same time they forced the savage to quit his prey. These sparrows, though uniting in defence of one of their companions, were always fighting with each other, the combatants frequently coming down together, and rolling over and over in the dust, as each succeeded in getting uppermost. They were certainly courageous birds, for, in despite of the numbers and watchfulness of our cats, they would peck at the window-blinds, to ask for the crumbs which we were in the habit of distributing amongst them.

Outside the house was a colony of carrion crows, and one or two large birds of the hawk kind: these creatures were always upon the watch, and nothing that was possible to attain ever escaped them. I was in the habit of going out upon a terrace in the evening, with a plateful of chicken-bones in my hand, to feed a favourite terrier. The dog, more pleased at being let loose, and at my side, than anxious for food, would frequently leave his meal to play about. As long as I kept my eyes upon the plate, all was safe; but if anything withdrew my attention for a single moment, the bones were gone: there were creatures hovering unseen, that darted down and seized the prey immediately. One day, when seated on this terrace with the plate close to my feet, which I considered to be quite safe, on turning my head I was startled by a strange noise; one of the larger birds on coming down actually brushed my shoulder with its wing; it had perceived that my eyes had taken another direction, and with one swoop it cleared the plate of all the eatables, leaving the dog and myself in amazement at its audacity. I was sometimes tempted to amuse myself with the terrier and the crows. After feeding my various protégés, there were always quantities of provision left, none of which, *so strong is* religious prejudice, would the poorest *native of India* eat; it was therefore unavoidably throw

away. On flinging these fragments from the veranda, a flock of crows was sure to descend, which the dog espying, would instantly drive away, while he gobbled up all the bits: the crows meanwhile hovering just above his head, and picking a morsel up here and there as they could. The dog not being able to eat what it seized in its mouth, would run to some more remote spot, and disgorge the food, unconscious of the strict watch kept upon all his movements; sometimes a larger piece than ordinary would tempt one of the immense argeelahs, or butcher-birds, from its eyrie. Immediately the dog would give chase, and returning from its fruitless pursuit, would see with vexation the crows feasting in his absence; he would next put them to the rout, the gestures arising from his anger and spite being so truly comic, as to afford great diversion to the servants, who took care to supply me with provisions as long as there was anything to spare. We were obliged to feed the cats inside the house, as they would have had no chance against these large birds, although they would engage in mortal combat with very formidable animals.

CAROLAN, THE IRISH BARD.

THE Scottish peasantry do not speak with more enthusiasm of Burns, than the Irish—that is, the Irish who speak and feel in the original language of their country—do of Carolan, a personage of whom nine-tenths of our readers probably never heard, but whose poetical and musical genius was nevertheless of a very high order. He flourished at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and composed a vast number of lyrics in his native tongue, which he used to sing to the harp. It is unfortunately *beyond our* power to convey to a British mind an adequate *idea of his* poetical powers; but we may give some *particulars* respecting him, which, we think, will be read

with interest, as shewing genius under very peculiar circumstances.

Carolan, or, to give him his full original name, Turlogh O'Carolan, was born in the year 1670, at Newton, near the village of Nodder, in the county of Westmeath. He boasted of ancient Milesian descent; but the land on which he was born had been wrested from his ancestors by the family of the Nugents, on their arrival in Ireland with King Henry II. His father was a poor farmer, the humble proprietor of a few acres, which afforded him a scanty subsistence. According to one account, somewhat too marvellous, perhaps, to be strictly true, Carolan evinced no marks of talent till his eighteenth year, when he entirely lost his eyesight by small-pox. The thoughts which had hitherto wandered over the external world were then turned inwards, and he became pensive and meditative. Near his father's house, there was an artificial mount, called in Ireland a *mote* or *rath*, one of the numerous remains of early fortifications still scattered over the island, or perhaps a seat of justice in primeval times. On this place, which the country-people in latter times supposed to contain a fairy palace, the poor boy had been accustomed, while possessed of eyesight, to play with his companions. Now, when unable to join in their sports, he used to cause himself to be led out to it, and would there stretch himself for hours under the genial rays of the sun. While thus solitarily reposing, he would be observed to start up suddenly, as if under the influence of some access of enthusiasm. His friends could assign no better explanation for his conduct, than that he was visited occasionally with preternatural visions, through the influence of the fairy queen. In one of these raptures, he called hastily to his companions to lead him home; and when he reached the house, he sat down immediately to his harp, and in a little time played and sang the air and words of a sweet little song addressed to Bridget Cruise, who had already become the object of his tenderest regards. So sudden is said to have been this visit of the Muses, and so captivating was its product, that

the people firmly believed him to have been at that moment gifted with poetic and musical power by the fairies; and they still keep in remembrance the spot where he desired on this occasion to be led home.

A memoir, less striking, but more probable, states that Carolan lost his eyesight at an earlier period of life, and that he endured the bereavement with cheerfulness, saying: 'My eyes are transplanted into my ears.' It also states, that his musical genius was soon discovered, and procured him many friends, who determined to aid its cultivation; and at the age of twelve, a master was engaged to instruct him on the harp. 'His diligence in the regular modes of instruction,' says this memoir, 'was not great; yet his harp was rarely unstrung; his intuitive genius assisting him in composition, whilst his fingers wandered amongst the strings in search of melody.' His love for Bridget Cruise not being successful, he married Mary Maguire, of the county of Fermanagh, who proved proud and extravagant, but never lost his affections. On entering the connubial state, he fixed his residence on a small farm near Moshill, in the county of Leitrim. Here he built a small house, in which he practised hospitality on a scale more suited to his mind than to his means; so that, in no long time, he was thrown nearly destitute upon the world.

The trade of the wandering minstrel, or bard, had long ceased in Ireland, but the forms of society which it suited had not altogether been superseded. The Irish gentry, and many beneath that rank, had still leisure to be amused by, and liberality to reward, the talents of the musician and the poet. Carolan was eminently both. His songs were already widely famed. His manners and conversation were also of a pleasing character. He therefore found no difficulty in commencing the erratic life which he persevered in to the close of his days. It must not be supposed that he appeared as an ordinary *mendicant*. He was invited as a friend to live with those *who were* pleased to patronise him; and, in general, there *was a competition* among the gentry of Connaught for

the honour of entertaining him. It is recorded, that messengers would sometimes be in pursuit of him for several days from place to place, to obtain the honour of a visit from the blind harper. In many instances he signified his gratitude by composing a song in honour of his host, or of some interesting member of the family. He is said to have, in all, composed about 200 airs, to the most of which he gave verses. His compositions have all the wild grace and pathos which characterise Celtic music and poetry, and which shine so peculiarly in the melodies of Ireland.

Notwithstanding the desirableness of his society, it has been mentioned, that once when he was on a visit at Lord Mayo's house in the country, his lordship, having also as a guest the eminent Italian musician Geminiani, was so much occupied in doing honour to that accomplished performer, that he quite overlooked Carolan. The native bard complaining of this neglect, his lordship said: 'When you play in as masterly a manner as he does, you shall not be overlooked.' Carolan immediately wagered with the musician, that, though he was almost a total stranger to Italian music, he would follow him in any piece he might play; and that he would himself afterwards play a voluntary, in which the Italian should not follow him. The proposal was acceded to, and Carolan was victorious.

It appears that, much as Carolan's company was generally desired, he was not welcome in any house beyond a reasonable period. Being pressed, on one occasion, by a hospitable friend, to prolong his stay, he answered in a stanza which has been thus translated:—

> 'If to a friend's house thou shouldst e'er repair,
> Pause and take heed of lingering idly there:
> Thou may'st be welcome, but 'tis past a doubt,
> Long visits soon will wear the welcome out.'

It is related that an Italian music-master, who had settled in Dublin, hearing much of the musical genius of Carolan, resolved to put it to the severest test he could devise. He singled out an excellent piece of Italian

music, which he mutilated here and there, but in such a manner that none, he thought, but the most skilful judges, could detect the alterations. Carolan, unconscious that he was subjected to a trial, listened with the deepest attention to the performance, and at the conclusion said it was an admirable piece of music; but, to the astonishment of all present, added in a humorous tone, in his own language: '*Ta se air chois air bacaighe,*' as much as to say, 'How oddly it limps here and there!' He was desired to rectify the errors, if he could; and the Italian no sooner saw the amendments, than he declared that Carolan had been by no means overrated by his countrymen, for none but a musical genius of the first order could have so nearly restored the air to its original perfection.

Carolan was so unfortunate as to contract, in early life, a love of whisky, which greatly increased as he advanced in years. In his latter days, he never composed without a bottle by his side, being of opinion, that it was necessary to stimulate or awake his powers. Having injured his health by this indulgence, he was told by a physician, that if he did not abandon it, he could not live much longer. He obeyed with reluctance, and made a resolution that he would never again allow whisky to pass his lips. Habits, however, whether good or bad, enter into our nature, and a sudden cessation of them is like tearing away a part of ourselves. For several weeks Carolan seemed a totally changed being. His wonted spirits forsook him. He lost all relish for society. His harp lay in a nook of his mansion, neglected and unstrung. He wandered about in a state of abstraction and melancholy, pitiable to behold. It is related, that one day when in this state, passing a grocer's door in the town of Boyle, county of Roscommon, he could not resist the temptation to step in. 'My dear friend,' said he to the lad behind the counter, 'you see I am a man of constancy. *For six long* weeks have I refrained from whisky; was *there ever so great* an instance of self-denial? But a *thought strikes* me, and surely you will not be cruel

enough to refuse one gratification which I shall earnestly solicit. Bring hither a measure of my favourite liquor, which I shall smell, but indeed shall not taste.' The lad indulged him on that condition, and the poor bard was as good as his word. The smell, however, was sufficient to rouse his dormant energies; his countenance brightened up, and he pronounced, over the forbidden cup, a soliloquy of the most animated and affecting eloquence. Not long after, he once more gave way to actual indulgence in whisky, and becoming in some degree restored to his ordinary condition, he regained his poetical and musical powers. His well-known and much admired song, *Carolan's* (sometimes called Stafford's) *Receipt*, was the first effusion of his revived muse. He commenced the words, and began to modulate the air in the evening at Boyle, and before the following morning, he sang and played this noble offspring of his imagination in Mr Stafford's parlour at Elphin. Serviceable, nevertheless, as whisky was to him on this occasion, it would have obviously been better for the poor poet if he had never so far vitiated his constitution, as to make indulgence in that liquor in any degree necessary to him.

In 1733, when advanced to old age, Carolan lost his beloved wife, and the event was attended with that extreme grief which belongs to a nature like his. The monody he composed on this occasion, is the only one of his compositions which we can give in a translated form; but, while we do so, we must warn the reader against supposing that Celtic poetry can ever be transferred to another tongue with anything like its original effect. The present translation was the performance of a young lady:—

Were mine the choice of intellectual fame,
Of spellful song and eloquence divine,
Painting's sweet power, Philosophy's pure flame,
And Homer's lyre and Ossian's harp were mine;
The splendid arts of Erin, Greece, and Rome,
In *Mary lost*, would lose their wonted grace,
All would I give to snatch her from the tomb,
Again to fold her in my fond embrace.

Desponding, sick, exhausted with my grief,
Awhile the founts of sorrow cease to flow,
In vain!—I rest not—sleep brings no relief;
Cheerless, companionless, I wake to wo.
Nor birth nor beauty shall again allure,
Nor fortune win me to another bride:
Alone I'll wander, and alone endure,
Till death restore me to my dear one's side.

Once, every thought and every scene was gay,
Friends, mirth, and music, all my hours employed—
Now doomed to mourn my last sad years away,
My life a solitude, my heart a void!
Alas, the change!—to change again no more—
For every comfort is with Mary fled;
And ceaseless anguish shall her loss deplore,
Till age and sorrow join me with the dead.

Adieu, each gift of nature and of art,
That erst adorned me in life's early prime!
The cloudless temper, and the social heart!
The soul ethereal, and the flight sublime!
Thy loss, my Mary, chased them from my breast,
Thy sweetness cheers, thy judgment aids no more;
The muse deserts a heart with grief opprest,
And lost is every joy that charmed before.

Carolan did not long survive a calamity which, at his age, few can bear with fortitude. But if a jest might be indulged on so mournful a subject, it might be said that his end was like that of his countryman

——'Lord Mount-coffeehouse, the Irish peer,
Who killed himself for love, with wine, last year.'

The inordinate draughts of liquor which he took after his wife's death, brought on a lingering illness, the crisis of which arrived while he was living at the house of his friend, Mrs M'Dermot of Alderford, in the county of Roscommon. Feeling his end approaching, he called for his harp, the less perishable partner of his bosom, and played his well-known *Farewell to Music*, in a strain of tenderness which drew tears from all present. It has also been related, that, at this melancholy moment, he called for a cup of his favourite beverage, which, after many vain remonstrances from his friends, was brought. The dying bard attempted to drink, but could not. He said it would at least have been hard if two such friends

as he and the cup should part without kissing—gave away the liquor, and expired. Carolan died in the month of March 1738, when he had attained his sixty-eighth year. He was interred in the parish church-yard of Kilronan, in the diocese of Ardagh, his funeral being attended by sixty clergymen of different denominations, a number of gentlemen from the neighbouring counties, and a vast concourse of country-people, who, rude as they were, had often enjoyed the strains of their national bard. His friend O'Connor, many years after, when his own end was approaching, paid a visit of sentiment to the grave of Carolan, which he found covered with a heap of stones. As often happens in Irish burial-grounds, the skull of the bard had been disinterred, and left amongst other skulls above ground. 'I found it,' says O'Connor, 'in a niche near the grave, perforated a little in the forehead, that it might be known by that mark.' M'Cabe composed an elegy on his friend, or rather an unrestrained effusion of grief, which has been presented in the following form by Mr Furlong, in his translation of the works of Carolan:—

'Wo is my portion! unremitting wo!
Idly and wildly in my grief I rave.
Thy song, my Turlogh, shall be sung no more—
Through festive halls no more thy strains shall flow:
The thrilling music of thy harp is o'er—
The hand that waked it moulders in the grave.

I start at dawn—I mark the country's gloom—
O'er the green hills a heavy cloud appears;
Aid me, kind Heaven, to bear my bitter doom,
To check my murmurs and restrain my tears.

O, gracious God! how lonely are my days!
At night sleep comes not to those wearied eyes,
Nor beams one hope my sinking heart to raise—
In Turlogh's grave each hope that cheered me lies.

Oh, ye blessed spirits, dwelling with your God,
Hymning his praise as ages roll along,
Receive my Turlogh in your bright abode,
And bid him aid you in your sacred song.'

This *account of Carolan*, as descriptive of a genuine *poet and musician who* rose in an untutored nation, and,

without education, employed his faculties to the delight of all who could understand him, will not, we hope, be without interest. When we know that the Celtic Irish produced a Carolan so recently, we can no longer wonder that the common people in various countries possess bodies of vernacular poetry, in the shape of ballads and songs, capable of commanding the admiration of the educated and refined. Unrecorded Carolans must have been, in general, the authors of those compositions—men who sprung up in the night of our literary history, and flowered and died before it was yet dawn.

THE CRUISER OF THE CARIBBEAN SEA.

THE seas which interlace the various West India islands, and border on the South American coast, generally termed the Caribbean Sea, have long been infested with piratical cruisers, vessels manned with desperadoes of all nations, which are ever on the outlook for prizes, and which all the vigilance of the British and other governments has never altogether suppressed. Some thirty or thirty-one years ago, a piratical schooner, named the *Mexican*, commanded by a Captain Jonnia, a Spaniard, was the scourge of the ocean in this part of the world. Its depredations on the peaceful traffic of the British and Americans were heard of far and wide; but not until the capture which we are about to narrate was its character minutely known.

On the 13th of November 1821, the schooner *Exertion* sailed from Boston, in the United States, bound for Trinidad, in the island of Cuba. It was commanded by Captain Lincoln, besides whom there were on board a mate, cook, and four seamen. The cargo consisted of flour, beef, pork, butter, and other articles of provision, to the value of 8000 dollars. The voyage was attended with rather bad weather, but was on the whole prosperous, till the 17th of December, on the afternoon of which day, as the vessel was

proceeding to the northward of the small islands or Keys off Cape Cruz, with every prospect of a speedy and safe arrival at its destined port, a vessel was observed in the distance, which it was too obvious was on no good errand. As the suspicious-looking vessel approached, which it did with all sail set, and with the aid of long sweeps or oars on each side, it was observed to be manned with a set of piratical ruffians, at least forty in number, armed with muskets, blunderbusses, cutlasses, long knives, and dirks; two carronades, one a twelve and the other a six pounder—the whole forming a force too great to be for a moment resisted. The vessel, though carrying the patriot flag of Mexico, was the pirate schooner *Mexican*, that of the famous Jonnia, who instantly ordered the master of the *Exertion* to come on board with his papers. This being done, Bolidar, the first-lieutenant, was ordered to take the command of the *Exertion*, and bring her round after the other, behind one of the islands called the Twelve League Key, which is about thirty or thirty-five leagues from Trinidad. We shall now allow the captain of the unfortunate ship to tell his own story, which is sufficiently distressing.

'After this strange conduct,' says he, 'they began examining my papers, by means of the only one who appeared to be able to read—a Scotchman, named Nickola, who acted as their sailing-master. He spoke good English, had a countenance rather pleasing, although his beard and mustaches had a frightful appearance—his face, apparently full of anxiety, indicated something in my favour; he gave me my papers saying: "Take good care of them, for I am afraid that you have fallen into bad hands." The pirate's boat was then sent to the *Exertion*, with more men and arms; a part of them left on board her, the rest returning with three of my crew to their vessel—namely, Thomas Young, Thomas Goodall, and George Reed. They treated them with something to drink, and offered them equal shares with themselves, and *some money, if they* would enlist, but they could not *prevail on them. I then* requested permission to go on

board my vessel, which was granted, and further requested Nickola should go with me, but was refused by the captain, who vociferated in a harsh manner: "*No, no, no!*" accompanied with a heavy stamp upon the deck. When I got on board, I was invited below by Bolidar, where I found they had emptied the case of liquors, and broken a cheese to pieces, and crumbled it on the table and cabin floor; the pirates, elated with their *prize*—as they called it—had drunk so much as to make them desperately abusive. I was permitted to lie down in my berth; but, reader, if you have ever been awakened by a gang of armed desperadoes, who have taken possession of your habitation in the midnight hour, you can imagine my feelings. Sleep was a stranger to me, and anxiety was my guest. Bolidar, however, pretended friendship, and flattered me with the prospect of being soon set at liberty. But I found him, as I suspected, a consummate hypocrite; indeed, his very looks indicated it. He was a stout and well-built man, of a dark, swarthy complexion, with keen ferocious eyes, huge whiskers, and beard under his chin and on his lips four or five inches long; he was a Portuguese by birth, and his appearance was truly terrific.

'*Tuesday, 18th December.*—Early this morning the captain of the pirates came on board the *Exertion*, took a look at the cabin-stores and cargo, and then ordered me back with him to his vessel, where he, with his crew, held a consultation for some time respecting the cargo; after which the interpreter, Nickola, told me that the captain had or pretended to have a commission under the commander-in-chief of the republic of Mexico, authorising him to take all cargoes whatever of provisions, bound to any Spanish royalist port; that my cargo being bound to an enemy's port, must be condemned; but that the vessel should be given up, and be put into a fair channel for Trinidad, where I was bound. I requested him to examine the papers thoroughly, and perhaps he would be convinced *to the contrary*, and told him my cargo was all American *property*, taken in at Boston, and consigned to an American gentleman, agent at Trinidad. But the captain would

not take this trouble, but ordered both vessels under-way immediately, and commenced beating up amongst the Keys through most of the day, the wind being very light. They now sent their boats on board the *Exertion* for stores, and commenced plundering her of bread, butter, lard, onions, potatoes, fish, beans, &c., took up some sugar-box shooks that were on deck, and found the barrels of apples; selected the best of them, and threw the rest overboard. They inquired for spirits, wine, cider, &c., and were told they had already taken all that was on board. But not satisfied, they proceeded to search the state-rooms and forecastle, ripped up the floor of the latter, and found some boxes of bottled cider, which they carried to their vessel, gave three cheers in an exulting manner to me, and then began drinking it with such freedom, that a violent quarrel arose between officers and men, which came very near ending in bloodshed. I was accused of falsehood, for saying they had already got all the liquors that were on board, and I thought they had: the truth was, I never had any bill of lading of the cider, and consequently had no recollection of its being on board; yet it served them as an excuse for being insolent. In the evening, peace was restored, and they sung songs. I was suffered to go below for the night, and they placed a guard over me, stationed at the companion-way.

'Wednesday, 19th, commenced with moderate easterly winds, beating towards the north-east, the pirate's boats frequently going on board the *Exertion* for potatoes, fish, beans, butter, &c., which were used with great waste and extravagance. They gave me food and drink, but of bad quality, more particularly the victuals, which were wretchedly cooked. The place assigned me to eat was covered with dirt and vermin. It appeared that their great object was to hurt my feelings with threats and observations, and to make my situation as unpleasant as circumstances would admit. We came to anchor near a Key, called by them Brigantine, where myself and mate were *permitted to go* on shore, but were guarded by *several armed pirates*. I soon returned to the Mexican,

and my mate to the *Exertion*, with George Reed, one of my crew; the other two being kept on board the *Mexican*. In the course of this day I had considerable conversation with Nickola, who appeared well disposed towards me. He lamented most deeply his own situation, for he was one of those men whose early good impressions were not entirely effaced, although confederated with guilt. He told me, "those who had taken me were no better than pirates, and their end would be the halter; but," he added, with peculiar emotion: "I will never be hung as a pirate," shewing me a bottle of laudanum which he had found in my medicine-chest, saying: "if we are taken, *that* shall cheat the hangman before we are condemned." I endeavoured to get it from him, but did not succeed. I then asked him how he came to be in such company, as he appeared to be dissatisfied. He stated that he was at New Orleans last summer out of employment, and had been induced, under false pretences, to sail with a crew, which afterwards turned out to be of a piratical nature.'

Passing over the account of several days' miseries, we come to Sunday the 30th of December.

'This day,' continues the captain, 'is the beginning of trouble. Early in the morning, one of the pirates, who was a merchant in disguise—one of those infamous traders who purchase the property captured by sea-robbers such as Jonnia—came with a large boat for the cargo. I was immediately ordered into the boat with my crew, not allowed any breakfast, and carried about three miles to a small island out of sight of the *Exertion*, and left there by the side of a little pond of thick muddy water, which proved to be very brackish, with nothing to eat but a few biscuit. One of the boat's men told us, the merchant was afraid of being recognised, and when he had gone, the boat would return for us; but we had great reason to apprehend they would deceive us, and therefore passed *the day in* the utmost anxiety. At night, however, the *boats came* and took us again on board the Exertion; *when, to our surprise* and astonishment, we found they

had broken open the trunks and chests, and taken all our wearing-apparel, not even leaving a shirt or pair of pantaloons, nor sparing a small miniature of my wife, which was in my trunk. The little money I and my mate had, with some belonging to the owners, my mate had previously distributed about the cabin in three or four parcels, while I was on board the pirate, for we dared not keep it about us; one parcel in a butter-pot they did not discover. Amidst the hurry with which I was obliged to leave my vessel to go to the before-mentioned island, I fortunately snatched my vessel's papers, and hid them in my bosom, which was a happy circumstance for me.

'*Tuesday*, 1*st January* 1822.—A sad New-Year's Day to me. Before breakfast, orders came for me to cut down the *Exertion's* railing and bulwarks on one side, for their vessel to heave out by, and clean her bottom. On my hesitating a little, they observed with anger: "Very well, captain, suppose you no do it quick, we do it for you." Directly afterwards another boat, full of armed men, came alongside; they jumped on deck with swords drawn, and ordered all of us into her immediately. I stepped below, in hopes of getting something which would be of service to us; but the captain hallooed: "Go in the boat directly, or I will fire upon you." Thus compelled to obey, we were carried, together with four Spanish prisoners, to a small low island, or key of sand in the shape of a half-moon, and partly covered with mangrove-trees, which was about one mile from and in sight of my vessel. There they left nine of us, with a little bread, flour, fish, lard; a little coffee and molasses; two or three kegs of water, which was brackish; an old sail for a covering; and a pot and some other small articles no way fit to cook in. Leaving us these, which were much less than they appear in the enumeration, they pushed off, saying: "We will come to see you in a day or two." Selecting the best place, we spread the old sail for an awning; but no place *was free from flies*, mosquitoes, snakes, the venomous-*stinged scorpion*, and the more venomous centiped

Sometimes they were found crawling inside of our pantaloons, but fortunately no injury was received. This afternoon, the pirates hove their vessel out by the *Exertion*, and cleaned one side, using her paints, oil, &c., for that purpose. To see my vessel in that situation, and to think of our prospects, was a source of the deepest distress. At night we retired to our tent; but having nothing but the cold damp ground for a bed, and the heavy dew of night penetrating the old canvas—the situation of the island being fifty miles from the usual track of friendly vessels, and 135 from Trinidad—seeing my owner's property so unjustly and wantonly destroyed—considering my condition, the hands at whose mercy I was, and deprived of all hopes, rendered sleep or rest a stranger to me.

'*Wednesday*, 2*d*.—The pirates hove out, and cleaned the other side. She then commenced loading with the *Exertion's* cargo, which appeared to be flour and lard. In the afternoon, their boat came with four kegs of poor, unwholesome water, and left us, saying they should not bring us provisions again for some time, as they were going away with goods from the prize, to be gone two or three days. Accordingly, they brought a present supply of beef, pork, and a few potatoes, with some bedding for myself and mate. The mangrove-wood afforded us a good fire, as one of the Spanish prisoners happened to have fireworks, and others had tobacco and paper, with which we made cigars. About this time, one of my men began to be unwell; his legs and body swelled considerably; but having no medicine, I could not do much to relieve him.'

The forlorn party continued in this situation several days, when they were conveyed to another island more secluded, in which their condition was still more distressing.

'We arrived about sunset; and for our support, they left us only a ten-gallon keg of water, and perhaps a few quarts in another small vessel, which was very poor; *part of a* barrel of flour, a small keg of lard, one ham, and *some salt-fish*; a small kettle, and an old broken pot; an

old sail for a covering, and a small mattress and blanket, which were thrown out as the boats hastened away. One of the prisoners happened to have a little coffee in his pocket; and these comprehended all our means of sustaining life, and for what length of time we knew not. We now felt the need of water, and our supply was comparatively nothing. A man may live nearly twice as long without food as without water. Look at us now, my friends, left benighted on a little spot of sand in the midst of the ocean, far from the usual track of vessels, and every appearance of a violent thunder-tempest, and a boisterous night. Judge of my feelings, and the circumstances which our band of sufferers now witnessed. Perhaps you can, and have pitied us. I assure you, we were very wretched, and to paint the scene is not within my power. When the boats were moving from the shore, on recovering myself a little, I asked Bolidar if he was going to leave us so? He answered: "No, only two days —we go for water and wood, then come back, take you." I requested him to give us bread, and other stores, for they had plenty in the boat, and at least 100 barrels of flour in the *Mexican*—"No, no; suppose to-morrow morning we come, me give you bread," and hurried off to their vessel. This was the last time I saw him. We then turned our attention upon finding a spot most convenient for our comfort, and soon discovered a little roof supported by stakes driven into the sand, which was probably erected by the turtle-men or fishers, who visit these islands in June, for the purposes of their trade; it was thatched with leaves of the cocoa-nut tree, considerable part of which was torn or blown off. After spreading the old sail over this roof, we placed our little stock of provisions under it. Soon after came on a heavy shower of rain, which penetrated the canvas, and made it nearly as uncomfortable inside as it would have been out. We were not prepared to catch water, having nothing to put it in. Our next object was to get fire, and after gathering some of the driest fuel to be found, and having a small piece of cotton wick-yarn, with flint and steel, we

kindled a fire, which was never afterwards suffered to be extinguished. The night was very dark, but we found a piece of old rope, which, when well lighted, served for a candle. On examining the ground under the roof, we found perhaps thousands of creeping insects, scorpions, lizards, crickets, &c. After scraping them out as well as we could, the most of us having nothing but the damp earth for a bed, we laid ourselves down in hopes of some rest, but it being so wet, gave many of us severe colds.

'*Sunday, 20th.*—As soon as daylight came on, we proceeded to take a view of our little island, and found it to measure only one acre, of coarse white sand, about two feet, and in some spots perhaps three feet, above the surface of the ocean. On the highest part were growing some bushes and small mangroves—the dry part of which was our fuel—and the wild castor-oil beans. We were greatly disappointed in not finding the latter suitable food; likewise some of the prickly-pear bushes, which gave us only a few pears about the size of our small button-pear; the outside has thorns, which, if applied to the fingers or lips, will remain there, and cause a severe smarting similar to the nettle; the inside a spungy substance, full of juice and seeds, which are red and a little tartish—had they been there in abundance, we should not have suffered so much for water—but, alas! even this substitute was not for us. On the northerly side of the island was a hollow, where the tide penetrated the sand, leaving stagnant water. We presumed, in hurricanes, the island was nearly overflowed. According to the best calculations I could make, we were about thirty-five miles from any part of Cuba, 100 from Trinidad, and forty from the usual track of American vessels, or others which might pass that way. After taking this view of our condition, which was very gloomy, we began to suspect we were left on this desolate island by those merciless plunderers to perish. Of this I am now fully convinced; *still we looked* anxiously for the pirate's boat to come, *according to promise*, with more water and provisions, *but looked in* vain. We saw them soon after get

under-way, with all sail set, and run directly from us, until out of our sight, and *we never saw them again!* One may partially imagine our feelings, but they cannot be put into words. Before they were entirely out of sight of us, we raised the white blanket upon a pole, waving it in the air, in hopes that at two miles' distance they would see it, and be moved to pity. But pity in such monsters was not to be found. It was not their interest to save us from the lingering death which we now saw before us. We tried to compose ourselves, trusting that God, who had witnessed our sufferings, would yet make use of some one as the instrument of his mercy towards us. Our next care now was to try for water. We dug several holes in the sand, and found it, but quite too salt for use. The tide penetrates probably through the island. We now came on short allowance for water. Having no means of securing what we had by lock and key, some one in the night would slily drink, and it was soon gone. The next was to bake some bread, which we did by mixing flour with salt water, and frying it in lard, allowing ourselves eight quite small pancakes to begin with. The ham was reserved for some more important occasion, and the salt-fish was lost for want of fresh water. The remainder of this day was passed in the most serious conversation and reflection. At night, I read prayers from a prayer-book, which I had most carefully concealed while last on board the pirate's vessel. This plan was pursued morning and evening during our stay.'

Fourteen days of confinement to this miserable islet succeeded; starvation began to do its work in thinning the number of the unhappy prisoners, and hope of deliverance was almost gone. At length deliverance came, and in a manner the least expected. A vessel hove in sight, and from it a boat came on shore. To the surprise of the worn-out islanders, their deliverer was no other than Nickola, who had all along been the secret friend of Captain Lincoln, and had actually fled from the pirates with *a few companions*, and, procuring a vessel, had now *come to rescue the victims* of piratical oppression. Nickola,

in making known these circumstances, declared also his true name, which was Jamieson, and that he was a native of Greenock, in Scotland. By this wandering and really good-hearted Scot, the American captain and his men were kindly treated, and removed from their desolate place of residence. According to Captain Lincoln's narrative, Jamieson afterwards followed the profession of a teacher of navigation in the States, and died in 1829.

'Since his death,' says he, 'I have been informed that the piratical schooner *Mexican* was afterwards chased by an English government vessel from Jamaica, which was cruising in search of it. Being hotly pursued, the pirates deserted their vessel, and fled to the mangrove-bushes, on an island similar to that on which they had placed me and my crew to die. The English surrounded them, and thus they were cut off from all hope of escape. They remained there, I think, fourteen days, when being almost entirely subdued by famine, eleven surrendered themselves, and were taken. The others probably perished among the mangroves. The few who were taken were carried by the government vessel to Trinidad. They were in a state of starvation; their beards had grown to a frightful length; their bodies were covered with filth and vermin, and their countenances were hideous. From Trinidad they were taken to Kingston, Jamaica, and there executed. Thus there is every reason to believe that this horde of monsters was at last broken up and dispersed.'

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

THE following singularly-involved case, shewing the danger of yielding too much to circumstantial evidence, is given in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1754, with the initials of a correspondent, who states it to have been extracted from some minutes of evidence made by his grandfather in criminal causes in which he was counsel on the part of the crown in the reign of Charles II.:—

Jaques du Moulin, a French refugee, having brought over his family and a small sum of money, employed it in purchasing lots of goods that had been condemned at the custom-house, which he again disposed of by retail. As these goods were such as, having a high duty, were frequently smuggled, those who dealt in this way were generally suspected of increasing their stock by illicit means, and smuggling, or purchasing smuggled goods, under colour of dealing only in goods that had been legally seized by the king's officers, and taken from smugglers. This trade, however, did not, in the general estimation, impeach his honesty, though it gave no sanction to his character; but he was often detected in uttering false gold. He came frequently to persons of whom he had received money, with several of these pieces of counterfeit coin, and pretended that they were among the pieces which had been paid him: this was generally denied with great eagerness, but, if particular circumstances did not confirm the contrary, he was always peremptory and obstinate in his charge. This soon brought him into disrepute, and he gradually lost not only his business, but his credit. It happened that, having sold a parcel of goods, which amounted to L.78, to one Harris, a person with whom he had before had no dealings, he *received the* money in guineas and Portugal *gold, several pieces of* which he scrupled; but the man *having assured him that* he himself had carefully ex-

amined and weighed those very pieces, and found them good, Du Moulin took them, and gave his receipt.

In a few days he returned with six pieces, which he averred were of base metal, and part of the sum which he had a few days before received of him for the lot of goods. Harris examined the pieces, and told Du Moulin that he was sure there were none of them among those which he had paid him, and refused to exchange them for others. Du Moulin as peremptorily insisted on the contrary, alleging that he had put the money in a drawer by itself, and locked it up till he offered it in payment of a bill of exchange, and then the pieces were found to be bad, insisting that they were the same to which he had objected. The man now became angry, and charged Du Moulin with intending a fraud. Du Moulin appeared to be rather piqued than intimidated at this charge; and having sworn that these were the pieces he received of Harris, Harris was at length obliged to make them good; but as he was confident Du Moulin had injured him by a fraud, supported by perjury, he told his story wherever he went, exclaiming against him with great bitterness, and met with many persons who made nearly the same complaints, and told him that it had been a practice of Du Moulin's for a considerable time. Du Moulin now found himself universally shunned; and hearing what Harris had reported from all parts, he brought his action for defamatory words, and Harris, irritated to the highest degree, stood upon his defence; and, in the meantime, having procured a meeting of several persons who had suffered the same way in their dealings with Du Moulin, they procured a warrant against him, and he was apprehended upon suspicion of counterfeiting the coin. Upon searching his drawers, a great number of pieces of counterfeit gold were found in a drawer by themselves, and several others were picked from other money, that was found in different parcels *in his scrutoire*; upon further search, a flask, several *files, a pair of* moulds, some powdered chalk, a small *quantity of aqua* regia, and several other implements,

were discovered. No doubt could now be made of his guilt, which was extremely aggravated by the methods he had taken to dispose of the money he made, the insolence with which he had insisted upon its being paid him by others, and the perjury by which he had supported his claim. His action against Harris for defamation was also considered as greatly increasing his guilt, and everybody was impatient to see him punished. In these circumstances he was brought to his trial, and his many attempts to put off bad money, the quantity found by itself in his scrutoire, and, above all, the instruments of coining, which, upon a comparison, exactly answered the money in his possession, being proved, he was upon this evidence convicted, and received sentence of death.

It happened that a few days before he was to have been executed, one Williams, who had been bred a seal-engraver, but had left his business, was killed by a fall from his horse; his wife, who was then big with child, and near her time, immediately fell into fits, and miscarried. She was soon sensible that she could not live, and therefore sending for the wife of Du Moulin, she desired to be left alone, and then gave her the following account:—

That her husband was one of four, whom she named, that had for many years subsisted by counterfeiting gold coin, which she had been frequently employed to put off, and was therefore intrusted with the whole secret; that another of these persons had hired himself to Du Moulin as a kind of footman and porter, and being provided by the gang with false keys, had disposed of a very considerable sum of bad money, by opening his master's scrutoire, and leaving it there in the stead of an equal number of good pieces, which he took out; that by this iniquitous practice, Du Moulin had been defrauded of his business, his credit, and his liberty, to which in a short time his life would be added, if application was not immediately made to save him. By this account, which she *gave in great agonies* of mind, she was much exhausted, *and having given* directions where to find the persons

whom she impeached, she fell into convulsions, and soon after expired. The woman immediately applied to a magistrate, and having related the story she had heard, procured a warrant against the three men, who were taken the same day, and separately examined. Du Moulin's servant steadily denied the whole charge, and so did one of the other two; but while the last was examining, a messenger who had been sent to search their lodgings, arrived with a great quantity of bad money, and many instruments for coining. This threw him into confusion, and the magistrate, improving the opportunity by offering him his life if he would become an evidence for the king, he confessed that he had been long associated with the other prisoners and the man that was dead, and he directed where other tools and money might be found, but he could say nothing as to the manner in which Du Moulin's servant was employed to put it off. Upon this discovery, Du Moulin's execution was suspended; and the king's witness swearing positively that his servant and the other prisoner had frequently coined in his presence, and giving a particular account of the process, and the part which each of them usually perfermed, they were convicted, and condemned to die. Both of them, however, still denied the fact, and the public were still in doubt about Du Moulin. In his defence, he had declared that the bad money which was found together was such as he could not trace to the persons of whom he had received it; that the parcels with which bad money was found mixed, he kept separate, that he might know to whom to apply if it should appear to be bad; but the finding of the moulds and other instruments in his custody was a particular not yet accounted for, as he only alleged in general terms that he knew not how they came there, and it was doubted whether the impeachment of others had not been managed with a view to save him who was equally guilty, there being no evidence of his servant's *treachery* but that of a woman who was dead, reported *at second-hand* by the wife of Du Moulin, who was *manifestly an interested* party. He was not, however, charged

by either of the convicts as an accomplice, a particular which was strongly urged by his friends in his behalf; but it happened that while the public opinion was thus held in suspense, a private drawer was discovered in a chest that belonged to his servant, and in it a bunch of keys, and the impression of one in wax: the impression was compared with the keys, and that which it corresponded with was found to open Du Moulin's scrutoire, in which the bad money and implements had been found. When this particular, so strong and unexpected, was urged, and the key produced, he burst into tears, and confessed all that had been alleged against him. He was then asked how the tools came into his master's scrutoire; and he answered, that when the officers of justice came to seize his master, he was terrified for himself, knowing that he had in his chest these instruments, which the private drawer would not contain, and fearing that he might be included in the warrant, his consciousness of guilt kept him in continual dread and suspicion; that for this reason, before the officers went up stairs, he opened the scrutoire with his false key, and having fetched his tools from his box in the garret, he deposited them there, and had just locked it when he heard them at the door.

In this case, even the positive evidence of Du Moulin, that the money he brought back to Harris was the same he had received of him, was not true, though Du Moulin was not guilty of perjury, either wilfully or by neglect, inattention or forgetfulness. And the circumstantial evidence against him, however strong, would only have heaped one injury upon another, and have taken away the life of an unhappy wretch, from whom a perfidious servant had taken away everything else.

LADY ESTHER STANHOPE.

THIS lady was certainly one of the most remarkable women of the present age. Lady Esther—sometimes spelt Hester—Stanhope was a daughter of the late eccentric Earl of Stanhope, and a niece of the second William Pitt, who was strongly attached to her, and under whose eye she was chiefly brought up. This distinguished statesman died shortly after his young relative had attained to womanhood. Lady Esther deeply deplored the loss; and after its occurrence (in 1806) left England, to travel over Europe. Being young, handsome, of high birth, and possessed of a large independent fortune, she was courted everywhere with all the eagerness which rank, wealth, wit, and beauty seldom fail to attract, but no matrimonial overtures, however eligible might be the parties from whom they came, made the desired impression on the mind of Lady Esther. It has been said, indeed, that she *had* an attachment, and of the strongest kind, its object being a young English officer, who fell in the war at that time raging in the Peninsula. But this, as far as we know, is only a conjecture, and the true motives of the lady for remaining single, as well as for other steps of an extraordinary kind which she took, must be held as altogether unknown, unless we regard the peculiarities of her disposition as a sufficient explanation of all.

After spending several years in the chief capitals of Christian Europe, Lady Esther embarked, with a numerous retinue, for Constantinople, where she took up her abode for the space of two or three years. The glimpse of Asiatic manners and customs which she thus obtained, seems only to have fostered that passionate love of the *East* which was the ruling sentiment of her romantic, *bold*, and enterprising mind. From Constantinople, she *set sail for* Syria, in an English vessel, laden with a great *part of her* fortune, in money, jewels, and other portable

articles of value. Unfortunately, the vessel was wrecked on the coast of Caramania, opposite the island of Rhodes, and the whole of Lady Esther's property went to the bottom of the sea. She barely escaped with life, being carried on a portion of the wreck ashore, where she passed twenty-four hours without food or help of any kind, on a small desert island. A party of fishermen at last found her, and conveyed her to Rhodes, where her difficulties were relieved by the English consul.

This misfortune did not for a moment check the love of adventure in the mind of Lady Esther, or cause her to depart from her purpose. As soon as possible, she proceeded to England, collected the remains of her fortune, and, after placing a portion of it in the funds, embarked with all the rest in another vessel, with which she set sail for the coast of Syria. She landed at Latakia—the ancient Laodicea—and at this place took up her residence for a time, with the view of learning the Arab language, and of taking other steps preparatory to the commencement of exploring journeys into the most inaccessible parts of Arabia, of Mesopotamia, and of the desert. While prosecuting these initiatory measures, Lady Esther entered into free and frequent intercourse with all who were calculated to give her either counsel or aid in the execution of her enterprise.

These proceedings and projects on the part of a young, delicately nurtured, and beautiful female, exhibit, it must be admitted, a spirit and temperament of no ordinary kind. Lady Esther did not fail or shrink as the difficulties attending the accomplishment of her proposed journeys became more obvious and better understood by her. After being thoroughly familiarised with the language, costume, manners, and usages of the country, she organised a numerous caravan, and loaded a great number of camels with rich presents destined for the Arab chiefs and their tribes. With this caravan she visited all parts of Syria, and sojourned, at various times, at Jerusalem, Damascus, Aleppo, Homs, Balbec, and Palmyra. The French poet and traveller, Lamartine—to whose account

of Lady Esther, drawn up from a personal visit, we are indebted on the present occasion, relates that, 'at Palmyra, the numerous tribes of wandering Arabs who had facilitated her approach to that city's ruins, assembled round her tent to the number of 40,000 or 50,000, and, charmed with her beauty, her grace, and her splendour, proclaimed her QUEEN OF PALMYRA, and delivered firmans (missives or credentials) into her hands, by which it was agreed that every European to whom she might deign to grant a protection, should be allowed to visit in perfect security the desert and ruins of Balbec and Palmyra, provided he pledged himself to the payment of 1000 piasters as a tribute. This treaty is still in existence, and would be most faithfully respected by the Arabs, if they were satisfied of Lady Esther's protection having been in any case obtained.'

In returning from Palmyra, Lady Esther shewed her power of sustaining personal fatigue, by executing, along with her caravan, a forced march of twenty-four hours, during which they passed over an immense extent of desert, pursued by a party of Arabs hostile to those of Palmyra. Through the great speed of Lady Esther's horses, the caravan escaped. She went afterwards to Damascus, where she received the utmost attention from the pacha, to whom the court of Constantinople had recommended her. Many were the wanderings of Lady Esther in the countries of the East subsequently to this period; but she finally settled in the pachalic of St Jean d'Acre. Her chosen place of abode was a convent and village called Dgioun, inhabited by Druses—a particular branch of the Syrian population—and situated in an almost inaccessible solitude on one of the mountains of Lebanon. 'Here,' says M. Lamartine, 'she built several houses, and surrounded them by a wall of enclosure, resembling our fortifications of the middle ages; formed an artificial garden in the Turkish fashion, containing within its limits a pasture-field, an orchard, a bower made of vines, kiosks embellished with Arabian sculptures and paintings, water running through marble conductors,

water-spouts in the centre of the pavement of the kiosks, and arches formed of orange, fig, and lemon trees. Lady Stanhope lived here during many years in Oriental splendour, surrounded by a concourse of Arab or European dragomen, of female attendants, and of black servants, and holding frequent intercourse with the emirs, pachas, and particularly with the Arab chiefs of the desert around.'

Alas that this revival of the romance of Arabia should not have been permanent! Alas that this new queen of Tadmor should have had her desert throne shaken by sad adversity! Such was the case. The fixed portion of Lady Esther's funds—that part from which her annual income was chiefly derived—had been placed by her, as has been said, in the British funds. Owing to her own absence, and to other causes, we regret to have heard, not very honourable to those in whom this interesting lady trusted, she was deprived of a great part of her fortune. From the period of that loss, she lived in almost absolute solitude. But misfortune did not in the slightest degree bow her spirit. 'This was the occasion,' says M. Lamartine, 'on which she displayed the energy, and the firm and lofty determination of her heroic character. She never dreamed for an instant of retracing her steps; she bestowed not a regret upon the world or the past; she did not shrink at the thought of her forlorn condition, or of her misfortune, or at the prospect of old age, and of being utterly forgot; she remained the solitary being she yet is.' A few female negroes and black children, with an Arab peasant or two to work in the garden, were her sole attendants. Though much of her influence over the Arabs ceased with her ability to make them continual presents, the name of Lady Esther Stanhope was still held in veneration over the East.

We have purposely refrained from entering into details relative to the character and mental peculiarities of the personage who had chosen for herself a way of life so widely *different from that* which those of her sex and

her rank usually prefer and pursue. M. Lamartine's visit to her residence will supply us with these details in a collected form. On reaching the district of Lebanon, the French traveller wrote to Lady Esther, requesting the honour of an interview. It was at once granted, though scarcely expected, as the recluse generally declines the visits of Europeans. M. Lamartine found her house to be rather a cluster of cottages than one building. He was hospitably entertained on his arrival, and when three o'clock came—her usual hour for seeing visitors—he was introduced by a little negro girl to the cabinet of Lady Esther. 'It was so extremely dark, that it was with difficulty I could distinguish her noble, grave, yet mild and majestic features, clad in an Oriental costume. She rose from the divan, advanced, and offered me her hand. Lady Esther appears to be about fifty years of age, but she possesses those personal traits which years cannot alter: freshness, colour, and grace depart with youth; but when beauty resides in the form itself, in purity of expression, in dignity, in majesty, and a thoughtful countenance, whether in man or woman, this beauty may change with the different periods of life, but it does not pass away—it eminently characterises the person of Lady Esther Stanhope.

'She wore a white turban, and on her forehead was a purple-coloured woollen fillet, which fell on each side of her head as low as her shoulders. A long yellow cashmere shawl, and an immense Turkish robe of white silk, with flowing sleeves, enveloped all her person in simple and majestic folds, while an opening of these folds upon the bosom, displayed a second tunic of rich Persian stuff, covered with flowers, which was attached round the neck by a clasp of pearls. Turkish yellow morocco boots, embroidered with silk, completed this beautiful Oriental costume, which she wore with that freedom and grace, as if she had never used any other from her youth.'

Scarcely had M. Lamartine been a few minutes in Lady *Esther's presence*, when the most remarkable feature in *her character* came into view—her belief, namely, in the

influence of the stars upon human affairs; and her supposition, also, that she had discovered the power of reading their language. She proved, in fact, to be a pure-minded visionary, enthusiastic in her hopes for man's future good, and withal possessed of an intellect naturally clear, lofty, and vigorous. Her creed of divination, as shewn in the following sentence, appears to be a compound of Orientalism and Lavaterism:—'There is a science at present lost in your Europe—I possess it: I read in the stars—we are all children of some one of those celestial fires which presided at our birth, and of which the happy or malignant influence is written in our eyes, on our forehead, in our fortunes, in the lines of our hands, in the form of our feet, in our gesture, in our walk. I have only seen you for a few minutes, yet you are known to me as well as if I had lived an age with you.' Lady Esther did indeed make a good guess at the character of her guest. She knew not his name, and even if she had, that would have told her nothing, for she never read books. The only thing she *did* know was, that he could write a very civil letter; yet she said, within a quarter of an hour after having first seen him: 'You must be a *poet*.' After a conversation, in which she shewed the liveliest powers of fancy, a black slave entered, who prostrated himself on the carpet, she said: 'Go; dinner is served; dine quickly, and return soon. I will study you, and endeavour to see more clearly than in the first confusion of my ideas, into your person and future destiny (through the stars). As for me, I never eat with any one: I live very abstemiously: a little bread and fruit, when I feel hungry, are all I take; but I must not subject my guest to such a regimen.' When M. Lamartine had dined, he returned to Lady Esther, and found her smoking a long Oriental pipe, in a nonchalant and graceful attitude, after the fashion of ladies in the East. The conversation again turned on the favourite subject—'On the unique and mysterious theme of this extraordinary woman—this *modern magician*—this Circe of the desert—who fully *reminded me of the most celebrated magi of antiquity*.'

The traveller took an opportunity of testing Lady Esther's powers of divination, by inquiring her opinions relative to certain individuals whom he knew to have visited her, and he declares her judgments to have been in most cases wonderfully correct, though she knew these personages only by name. He remarks, finally, respecting Lady Esther's character: 'I felt that no string was wanting to this lofty and vigorous mind; that all the stops of the instrument gave a correct, full, and powerful sound, excepting, perhaps, the metaphysical chord, which too great a stretch, too solitary a life, had forced or raised to a tone far too elevated for human understanding.' In parting with M. Lamartine, Lady Esther observed, in the mystical manner which had become natural to her: 'We must not bid each other farewell; we shall often meet on this journey, and oftener still in future journeys, which you do not even contemplate at present.'

Alas! these anticipations were, we believe, never realised. Lady Esther Stanhope died a few years ago, in the same self-exiled position in which Lamartine had found her.

ANECDOTES OF WOLVES.

THE wolf resembles the dog in shape, but is generally larger and more muscular, as well as more savage in appearance. The leading peculiarity of the wolf, wherever it may be found, is ferocity of disposition, accompanied with a certain degree of meanness or cowardliness, which is foreign to the character of the dog in all its varieties. It has been usual with naturalists to represent the wolf as untractable, or at least unsusceptible *of attachment* to man. But this is now discovered to be *incorrect.* The wild ferocious character of the wolf, it *appears, is* very much the result of the circumstances in

which it is placed. Cuvier mentions the case of a young wolf which was brought up like a dog by a gentleman in France, and became familiar with every person whom it was in the habit of seeing; learned to follow like a dog, was obedient, and attached to its master in an extreme degree. This remarkable case of the taming of a wolf is given as an instance of how much may be accomplished by early culture and kindness on even the wildest and most rapacious of animals.

Wolves were at one time plentiful in Britain and Ireland, but it is long since they were extirpated. They still abound in the northern parts of Europe, particularly in Russia, and are numerous in some parts of France, where they commit dreadful devastations. They are likewise common in North America, where they are black in colour, and in some instances white. In the year 1764, a wolf committed the most dreadful devastations in some particular districts of Languedoc, in the south of France, and soon became the terror of the whole country. According to the accounts given in the Paris gazette, it was known to have killed twenty persons, chiefly women and children; and public prayers are said to have been offered up for its destruction. It seems rather strange, that wolves were not yet banished from the thickly inhabited parts of France at the period to which we refer. This is apparent from the following anecdote, which we quote from a London newspaper of 1838:—

'The winter before last, Monsieur de B——, an advocate of Dijon, was returning rather late from shooting near that town, when his dog, a small pointer, which was a few paces in advance, ran suddenly back in evident alarm. The spot was a long hollow, formed by two sand-banks; and as far as his eye could reach, he could discover no cause for the animal's sudden terror, which sent him crouching to his feet. He proceeded cautiously, however, cocking both barrels of his gun; but for upwards of 200 yards, no cause of alarm presented itself. Indeed, he had *forgotten the circumstance*, and rested the gun across *his shoulder, when* the dog again sprang behind him with

an affrighted yell. A wolf stood on the sand-bank, about thirty yards before him. Armed only with partridge-shot, Monsieur de B—— considered it most prudent to retreat, and gain a cross-road in the rear. He had not returned many yards, when, to his horror and astonishment, he beheld another wolf barring his path on that side. Neither as yet ventured to attack him, and as he advanced, each retired; but the other would draw closer to his heels. His situation became critical, for night was approaching, and he feared that with it more assailants would be down upon him; and to this they both howled, as if to call a reinforcement, and the sportsman at length felt certain they were answered from the hills. No time was to be lost; he rapidly advanced on one, and within twenty paces fired both barrels at him. The wolf fell wounded, and the other cleared the bank, evidently scared. Monsieur de B——, following his example, took to his heels, and never drew breath till he had entered Dijon. On examining the snow next morning, it was ascertained that he had been hotly pursued to the very gates. As for the wounded wolf, a few bones were all that his comrades had left of him.'

The following account of the rapacity of wolves in Russia, is given by a traveller, but of whose name we are ignorant, from the manner it has come under our notice:—

'A peasant, when one day in his sledge, was pursued by eleven of those ferocious animals: at this time he was only about two miles from home, towards which he urged his horse at the very top of his speed. At the entrance to his residence was a gate, which happened to be closed at the time; but the horse dashed this open, and thus himself and his master found refuge within the courtyard. They were followed, however, by nine out of the eleven wolves; but, very fortunately, at the instant these had entered the enclosure, the gate swung back on *its hinges, and* thus they were caught as in a trap. From *being the most* ferocious of animals, the nature of these *beasts, now that* they found escape impossible, became

completely changed: so far, indeed, from offering molestation to any one, they slunk into holes and corners, and allowed themselves to be slaughtered almost without making resistance.'

The following singular adventure of General Putnam with a wolf, in the state of Connecticut, in North America, has been already made known in works of natural history, but may here appropriately be repeated:—

'Some time after Mr Putnam had removed to Connecticut, the wolves, which were then very numerous, broke into his sheepfold, and killed seventy fine sheep and goats, besides worrying several lambs and kids. This dreadful havoc was committed by a she-wolf, which, with her annual whelps, had for several years infested the neighbourhood. The whelps were commonly destroyed by the vigilance of the hunters, but the old one was too sagacious to come within reach of gunshot; and upon being closely pursued, she would generally fly to the western woods, and return the next winter with another litter of whelps.

'This animal at length became such an intolerable nuisance, that Mr Putnam and five of his neighbours agreed to hunt alternately, until they could destroy her, and two of them, in rotation, were to be constantly in pursuit. It was known that, having lost the toes from one foot by a steel-trap, she made one track shorter than the other. By this vestige the pursuers recognised, in a light snow, the route of the wolf. Having followed her to Connecticut river, and found she had turned back toward Pomfret, they immediately returned, and by ten o'clock next morning the blood-hounds had driven her into a cave about three miles distant from Mr Putnam's house. The people soon assembled with dogs, guns, straw, fire, and sulphur, to attack their common enemy, and several attempts were made to dislodge her from the den; but the hounds came back wounded and intimidated, and neither the smoke of blazing straw, nor the *fumes of brimstone*, could compel her to quit her *retirement*.

'Wearied with these fruitless attempts, which had continued nearly twelve hours, Mr Putnam proposed to his negro servant to go down into the cavern and shoot the wolf; and on his declining the hazardous service, the general resolved himself to destroy the ferocious animal, lest she should escape through some unknown fissure of the rock. Accordingly, having provided himself with several strips of birch-bark, to light him in this darksome cave, he pulled off his coat and waistcoat, and having a long rope fastened round his body, by which he might be drawn back at a concerted signal, he entered head foremost, with the blazing torch in his hand.

'The aperture of the cave, on the east side of a high ledge of rocks, is about two feet square: from thence it descends obliquely fifteen feet, and then running horizontally about ten more, it ascends sixteen feet towards its termination. The sides of this cavity consist of smooth solid rocks, which seem to have been divided from each other by an earthquake. The top and bottom are also composed of stone, and the entrance, in winter, being covered with ice, is extremely slippery. It is in no place high enough for a man to raise himself upright, nor in any part more than three feet broad.

'Mr Putnam having groped his passage to the horizontal part of the cavern, the most terrifying darkness appeared in front of the dim circle of light afforded by his torch, and all was silent as the house of death. Cautiously proceeding onward, he came to the ascent, which he slowly mounted on his hands and knees, till he discovered the glaring eye-balls of the wolf, which was sitting at the extremity of the den. Startled at the sight of fire, she gnashed her teeth, and gave a sullen growl, upon which the general kicked the rope, as a signal for pulling him out. The people at the mouth of the cave hearing the growling of the wolf, and imagining their friend to be in the most imminent danger, drew him out with such celerity, that his shirt was stripped over his head, and *his skin* severely lacerated. However, he boldly persisted *in his resolution*, and having adjusted his clothes,

and loaded his gun with buck-shot, he descended a second time. On his second approach, the wolf assumed a very fierce and terrible countenance, howling, rolling her eyes, snapping her teeth, and dropping her head between her legs; but when she was on the very point of springing on him, Mr Putnam fired at her head, and was immediately drawn out of the cave. After refreshing himself, and permitting the smoke to dissipate, he went down again, and on applying his torch to the animal's nose, found her dead; then taking hold of her ears, and kicking the rope, he drew her forth, to the astonishment of all the spectators.'

A REMARKABLE CASE OF MURDER.

In the town of M——, in Germany, resided a goldsmith, named Christopher Ruprecht, aged upwards of sixty; rich, illiterate, quarrelsome, covetous; rude in speech, vulgar in his habits; whose chief indulgence consisted in frequenting low ale-houses, and mingling in such haunts with the most disreputable among the lower classes of his fellow-citizens. His selfishness and repulsive manners had alienated from him all his relations, with the exception of a sister, who resided with him, and a married daughter, who still continued, notwithstanding his peculiarities of temper, to visit him regularly, though as much from interest perhaps as affection.

The favourite resort of Ruprecht was a small ale-house of the meanest order, situated at the end of a dark winding lane, and receiving as a title, from its gloomy situation, and the orgies of which it was the scene, the emphatic monosyllable usually applied to the place of darkness. About half-past eight o'clock, on the evening of the 7th of February 1817, *the goldsmith* repaired to this place *according to custom, took* his seat among the circle which *generally assembled* round the inn fire on the first floor,

and in his usual overbearing style, joined in the current conversation. In this manner the time was spent till past ten o'clock, when Ruprecht despatched the landlord to the ground-floor for a further supply of beer. As the master of the house was reascending the stairs to the company with the liquor wanted, a voice from the passage or outer door below, was heard inquiring if Ruprecht was above; and on the landlord replying—without turning his head—in the affirmative, he was desired by the person below to tell the goldsmith to come down. On receiving the message, Ruprecht rose immediately, and left the room. A minute had scarcely elapsed afterwards, when the company heard distinctly a loud groaning from below stairs, followed by a sound as of a heavy body falling in the passage. All present, to the number of eleven, hurried down stairs, where they found the goldsmith lying near the house door, still alive, but covered with blood flowing from a large wound on his head. At a little distance lay his leather-cap, which had been cut through by the blow. The only words which the wounded man uttered, when lifted up, were: 'The villain—the villain with the axe!' and once afterwards, 'My daughter, my daughter!' She was immediately sent for, but his mind apparently wandered, and he did not recognise her.

No trace of the author of the deed, or of any weapon, was visible in the neighbourhood. On examination, the wound was found to be about four inches long, extending along the left side of the head from front to back, and deeper in the centre than at the ends. From the force required to inflict such a blow, it was obvious that it must have been done outside the door, as the passage within was so low, that no weapon could have been raised sufficiently high to produce such an injury. After receiving it, the goldsmith must have been able to stagger into the passage before falling. On the left side of the door without, was a stone-seat, two feet high, on which, it was supposed, the murderer must have taken his stand, *awaiting his* victim, and directed, from this position, the *deadly stroke*. Though Ruprecht's words implied that

the weapon had been an axe, the medical inspector was of opinion that a sabre, wielded by an experienced hand, was more likely to have been the instrument. The main hope of explaining this point, and of discovering the author of the deed, rested on the revelations which the goldsmith himself might be able to make. It was not, however, till the evening of the following day, that he appeared sufficiently in his senses to warrant the judge in commencing his examination. The wounded man's answers were given in monosyllables. He was asked: 'Who struck you?'

'Schmidt.'

'What is this Schmidt—where does he reside?'

'In the Most.' (The Most is a street of the town.)

'With what did he strike you?'

'A hatchet.'

'How did you know him?'

'By his voice.'

'Was he indebted to you?' Ruprecht shook his head.

'What was his motive?'

'A quarrel.'

The wounded man was so much exhausted by these responses, that scarcely any other questions could be put to him, excepting the request, that he would again name the individual who had struck him. His repeated answer was, 'Schmidt—wood-cutter.'

Who, then, was this Schmidt?—a name, it is to be observed, not less common in Germany than Smith is in England. It turned out that there were three Schmidts, wood-cutters, in the town, two of whom were brothers, and lived in the Most, the street indicated by the goldsmith; while the third, Christopher Schmidt, lived in the street called the Hohen Pflaster. The brothers were usually named from their different heights, the Great Schmidt and the Little Schmidt, and they proved to be old acquaintances of Ruprecht, but to have recently ceased to be on familiar terms with him, chiefly because the *Great Schmidt had given* evidence against him in an *action of damages.* Regarding Christopher Schmidt, it

was ascertained that, at a former period of his life, he had been imprisoned under a charge of accession to a robbery. Before proceeding to the arrest of any of these individuals, Ruprecht, whose skull had in the interval been trepanned, in order to raise the depressed bone, was again asked, at a favourable moment, a string of questions similar to the former, and gave the same responses, excepting in one important point. On being asked whether the Great or the Little Schmidt was the guilty person, he tried to speak, but failed. He was then asked if the Most was the street, but was silent. To the next question, 'If the Hohen Pflaster was the man's residence?' he answered with difficulty, but distinctly, 'Yes,' and then relapsed into the state of insensibility which was common to him.

All three Schmidts being thus implicated in suspicion, they were taken into custody, for the purpose, in the first place, of being confronted with the wounded man, and to have the guilty individual, if possible, identified by him. But Ruprecht, though sensible, was unable to open his eyes, and the main object of the interview was thus defeated. The behaviour of the suspected persons was, however, so very different, as to excite the strongest hopes that the matter would be cleared up. The brothers Schmidt were calm and composed on being brought into the goldsmith's presence; they spoke to him, called him by name, and expressed the greatest sympathy for his situation. Christopher Schmidt, on the contrary, was agitated and restless: when asked if he knew the person in bed, he first said he did not know him, and then that he did know him; first, that he remained in his mother-in-law's house on the night of the murder till eleven, and afterwards, that he was in his own house in bed at nine. He at the same time protested his entire innocence, and appealed to the testimony of his wife, his mother-in-law, and his neighbours. His agitation and his contradictions drew the suspicion of all from the other Schmidts *upon him*, and he was committed by the judge to prison. *All hope of further* information from the victim himself,

was put an end to by his death on the following day, the second from the accident.

Subsequent investigations tended to increase the suspicions against Christopher Schmidt, which his behaviour on the first occasion had awakened. On inspecting his house, the handle of his axe, near the blade, was found to be streaked with *blood!* The truth of the report as to his former imprisonment he did not attempt to deny, but alleged that he had been merely made the innocent instrument of conveying stolen property from one place to another. On undergoing another examination, his contradictions were even more glaring than before. To the question, 'How he came to know Ruprecht in bed, when he stated that he had never seen him before,' he said that he knew him from having heard of his accident, and from being aware of the object of his own visit to the goldsmith's house. He stated that he had been with his wife and child to his mother-in-law's house, where they wrought at some in-door work, to save candles at home. It was impossible to ascertain from his answers the time at which he had come from his mother-in-law's house to his own. He first averred that he had come home with his child at nine, and that his wife had come an hour after him; then, that his wife had returned with him at ten o'clock; then that he was asleep, and did not know when she came; and made fresh contradictions, in short, with regard to time, at every query put to him. All these things—his variations, his agitation, his downcast and suspicious look, his previous imprisonment, the spots upon his axe, the expressions of the dying man, which pointed most strongly to him—when taken together, formed a strong combination of circumstances against Christopher Schmidt. Indeed his guilt was scarcely doubted of by any one.

On the other hand, after men's minds became capable of calmer reflection on the subject, the very grossness of these contradictions seemed to lead to the inference, that *they arose from* a deficiency of intellect, or from a *mind disordered by* temporary anxiety and fear, or from

both causes, rather than from a desire to conceal the truth. The report of the neighbours, when their evidence was collected, corroborated this conjecture; his stolidity and dulness of intellect was such as to have acquired for him the common nickname of 'the Sheep.' He never was capable, it was found, of expressing himself clearly, and it followed that, under such circumstances as a charge of murder, this deficiency must evidently have been greatly aggravated. From such a character as this, the statement, illogical as it was, that he knew Ruprecht in bed from having heard of his accident, was natural enough. With regard to the contradictory representations regarding the hour of his return, the inconsistency might be in part explained away by supposing his wife to have first gone home with him, seen him to bed with the child, and afterwards to have returned to her mother's for a short period before she finally came to sleep in her own house. This was, in fact, substantially proved by subsequent investigations of Schmidt's mother-in-law and wife. They, with other witnesses, proved that the wife, having seen her husband home, went back to her mother's to finish some work, and after an hour or an hour and a half's stay, returned to her own domicile. It was remarkable, however, that these two witnesses differed considerably with respect to the hours at which these events took place. These discrepancies were held to arise from the fact, that the night in question was a long and dark one in February, and that no clocks were within reach of the parties. This gave a favourable colour also to Schmidt's own inconsistencies as to time, particularly when taken in connection with the man's unquestionable stupidity.

But—admitting the wife's statement to be correct—Christopher Schmidt was left alone for an hour and a half at the very time the deed was committed. The ale-house where it took place, however, was a mile and a quarter from Schmidt's dwelling; and to have been the actor in the deed, he must have sprung from bed at the *moment* of his wife's departure, hurried to the spot, *committed the* murder, and again been in bed a quarter

of an hour afterwards. Was this energetic villainy likely to have been exhibited by one so slow and sluggish in intellect and behaviour as Schmidt was proved to be? The thing was felt by all, on reflection, to be barely possible.

But, again, the blood on the handle of the axe? The accused, on being questioned respecting this, said, that if such stains existed, of which he knew nothing, they must have proceeded from a swelling in the hand—which he shewed—that had burst some days before. The swelling, it was replied, is in the *right* hand, while the stains are upon the upper part of the handle, which is always held in the *left* hand. 'I am *left-handed*,' said the accused; and on inquiry among his associates, it was found to be the case. Further examination, also, shewed that the axe of Schmidt could not have been the instrument of death, the wound in the head being four inches long, while the axe's blade was barely three inches. A strong additional testimony in Schmidt's favour, was the discovery that he had actually been free of all guilt, as he had represented, on the occasion of his former imprisonment, and that his general character everywhere was that of a sober, industrious, peaceable man.

Thus, one by one, the grounds of suspicion which had at first appeared to be assuming so firm and compact a form, crumbled away, and, though not yet finally liberated, it was apparent to all that Christopher Schmidt would be acquitted. But as the clouds of suspicion passed from Christopher, they gathered for a time round the heads of his namesakes, the Great and Little Schmidts of the Most. These men, it was recollected, knew Ruprecht, which Christopher did not; they had, moreover, been actually placed in an inimical position with respect to the deceased. They had borne evidence against him, in an action instituted by two respectable surveyors, whose names the goldsmith had publicly vilified. Ruprecht had lost the cause, and had been sentenced to a short *confinement on bread* and water. At his liberation, he *had set on foot an* action of retaliation against the

surveyors, which was still undecided at the time of the murder. Could the surveyors have made use of their former witnesses, the Schmidts, to rid themselves of their pertinacious opponent? The high character of the men rendered this supposition improbable; and after it had lived for but a short time on the public breath, it was completely extinguished by the coming forward of several witnesses, who spoke to the fact of the brothers Schmidt having come home early on the night of the goldsmith's death, and not having left the house till next morning.

While all grounds for suspicion to rest upon were thus disappearing as far as the parties first implicated were concerned, some new discoveries, or rather conjectures, were made, which drew the eyes of justice to an entirely different quarter. Two other Schmidts, wood-cutters also, were found out, not living in the town indeed, but in the suburbs. One of these men was woodman to Berenger, Ruprecht's son-in-law, and this circumstance seems to have originated a new train of thinking in the minds of the official persons of the town, though no ground of suspicion could be found against the newly-discovered Schmidts. One of Ruprecht's first expressions, it will be remembered, after receiving the blow was, 'My daughter! my daughter!' These words had been naturally interpreted at the time into an expression of anxiety to see her, but circumstances subsequently emerging, seemed to render it doubtful whether his exclamation did not bear a less favourable meaning. The matrimonial life of Berenger and his wife had long been, it appeared, an unhappy one: Berenger had often made complaints against his wife to her father. Recently, some steps taken by the husband had ended in making the wedded pair's life a little more harmonious, but they had, at the same time, exasperated Ruprecht's mind in the highest degree against Berenger. A short time before his death, the goldsmith had been heard to call *his son-in-law* a villain; and he had also for some time *past entertained* the resolution of making a will, leaving *all to his* daughter, and beyond her husband's control.

This resolve he had announced to his daughter, about two months before his death, and also to his apprentice Hogner. Nay, within a few hours of his accident, he had sent for Hogner to assist in arranging his papers, preparatory to the execution of the will on the following Sunday. This intention he had expressed in the hearing of the maid-servant. These remarkable circumstances directed the attention of justice to Berenger, who might have heard of the old man's determination; and a sufficient motive for a desire on his part to get rid quickly of the goldsmith would thus have been established.

Berenger, according to account, shewed no emotion or sympathy on hearing of the accident, and his wife, it was said, shewed also a want of feeling. One of her first concerns was to see whether her father had his keys about him; and having ascertained that he had, she took possession of and walked away with them. She had, besides, shewn a strong anxiety to criminate one of the Schmidts, reporting several speeches against him, from her father's lips, which no one else had heard. Several other minor incidents seemed to bear against the Berengers. In interpreting her father's dying words with this view, it was thought that the old man, feeling himself struck with what he conceived to be an axe, would immediately revert in his mind to the wood-cutters, the Schmidts, who had borne a part against him in the suit then pending, and which occupied at the time much of his attention. This was the sense now put upon the goldsmith's mention of the name of Schmidt.

Here also, however, as in the former cases, the grounds of suspicion vanished, one by one, into thin air. That the words 'my daughter' bore no meaning unfavourable to the Berengers, was proved by the statement of Ruprecht's sister, that such was her brother's common expression when anything troubled him; it was also proved, on better inquiry, that Berenger's wife *had* shewn deep feeling for her father, and had only taken away his keys on the surgeon suggesting that the murder might be a *preliminary to robbery*; it was, moreover, sworn by the

wife, the apprentice, and the maid-servant, that they had never spoken of the will—a thing, indeed, most unlikely for the wife to do, when she alone was to be benefited by it; and, finally, there was distinct evidence that Berenger himself, at least, had not been the murderer, as, at the time of it, he was quietly seated in the parlour of the Golden Fish. By this and other evidence, the suspicion against the Berengers fell to pieces.

Even after all these failures, the investigation was not abandoned. A soldier, who was indebted to Ruprecht, and who had been threatened by him, on the day of the accident, with hard measures, was the person next brought under examination. After the fabric of evidence in this case also had gathered some strength, it was at once overturned by a clear proof of an alibi.

Here, at last, justice was obliged to give up the pursuit; nor has any light since been thrown on this strange story. Who of all the parties suspected, or whether any of them, was guilty, must be left, in all probability, for another tribunal to judge and decide.

In the winding-up, or moral of a story, the chief interest commonly lies. The above tale of crime, however, arrests attention from a different cause. It offers the example of a case of murder which all human means have failed to elucidate. Thirty-six years have elapsed since the murder was committed, and, till this day, its perpetrator remains undiscovered. The case therefore teaches, that to relax in vigilance in the discovery of a murderer, with the hope that time will clear up the circumstances, is neither rational nor attended with any satisfactory result.*

* A collection of German criminal trials, noticed in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, has supplied us with the materials for this narrative.

DESTRUCTIVE FALL OF A SWISS MOUNTAIN.

THE Valley of Lowertz, situated in the canton of Schwytz, in Switzerland, and bounded on two sides by the lakes of Zug and Lowertz, and the mountains of Rosenberg and Rosi on the others, was the scene of a dreadful catastrophe, in the month of September 1806. An account of the event to which reference is made, was given by an American clergyman, who passed over the spot shortly after the occurrence took place :—

'About five o'clock in the evening of the 3d of September, a large projection of the mountain of Rosenberg on the north-east gave way, and precipitated itself into this valley; in less than four minutes it completely overwhelmed the three villages of Goldau, Businger, and Rathlen, with a part of Lowertz and Oberart. The torrent of earth and stones was far more rapid than that of lava, and its effects as irresistible and as terrible. The mountain in its descent carried trees, rocks, houses, everything before it. The mass spread in every direction, so as to bury completely a space of charming country more than three miles square! The force of the earth must have been prodigious, since it not only spread over the hollow of the valley, but even ascended far up the opposite side of the Righi. The quantity of earth is enormous, since it has left a considerable hill in what was before the centre of the vale. A portion of the fallen mass rolled into the lake of Lowertz, and it is calculated that a fifth part is filled up. On a minute map you will see two little islands marked in this lake, which have been admired for their picturesqueness. One of them is famous for the residence of two hermits, and the other for the remains of an ancient château, once belonging to the house of Hapsberg. So large a body of water was raised and *pushed forward* by the falling of such a mass *into the lake, that* the two islands, and whole villages

of Seven at the northern extremity, were for a time completely submerged by the passing of the swell. A large house in this village was lifted off its foundations, and carried half a mile beyond its place.

'The disastrous consequences of this event extended further than the loss of such a number of inhabitants in a canton of little population; a fertile plain is at once converted into a barren tract of rocks and calcareous earth, and the former marks and boundaries of property are obliterated. The main road from Art to Schwytz is completely filled up, so that another must be opened with great labour over the Righi. The former channel of a large stream is choked up, and its course altered; and as the outlets and passage of large bodies of water must be effected by the filling up of such a portion of the lake, the neighbouring villages are still trembling with apprehension of some remote consequences, against which they know not how to provide. Several hundreds of men have been employed in opening passages for the stagnant waters, in forming a new road for foot-passengers along the Righi, and in exploring the ruins.

'The number of inhabitants buried alive under the ruin of this mountain is scarcely less than 1500. Some even estimate it as high as 2000. Of these, a woman and two children have been found alive, after having been several days under ground. They affirm, that while they were thus entombed, they heard the cries of poor creatures who were perishing around them for want of that succour which they were so fortunate as to receive. Indeed, it is the opinion of many well-informed people, that a large number might still be recovered; and a writer in the *Publiciste* of Paris goes so far as to blame the inactivity of the neighbouring inhabitants, and quotes many well-attested facts, to prove that persons have lived a long time buried under snow and earth. This at least is probable in the present case, that many houses, exposed to lighter *weight than* others, may have been merely a little *crushed; while* the lower storey, which in this part of *Switzerland is* frequently of stone, may have remained

firm, and thus not a few of the inhabitants escaped unhurt. The consternation into which the neighbouring towns of Art and Schwytz were thrown, appears, indeed, to have left them incapable of contriving and executing those labours which an enlightened compassion would dictate.

'The mountain of Rosenberg, as well as the Righi and other mountains in its vicinity, are composed of a kind of brittle calcareous earth and pudding-stone, or aggregated rocks. Such a prodigious mass as that which fell, would easily crumble by its own weight, and spread over a wide surface. The bed of the mountain from which the desolation came, is a plain inclined from north to south. Its appearance, as it is now laid bare, would lead one to suppose that the mass, when first moved from its base, slid for some distance before it precipitated itself into the valley. The height of the Spitsberg—the name of the projection which fell—above the lake and valley of Lowertz, was little less than 2000 feet. The composition of the chain of the Righi, of which the Rosenberg makes a part, has always been an obstacle in the way of those system-makers who have built their hypotheses upon the structure of the Alps. It has nothing of granite in its whole mass; and, though nearly 6000 feet above the sea, is green and even fertile to its summit. It is composed of nothing but earth and stone, combined in rude masses. It is also remarkable, that the strata of which it is composed are distinctly inclined from the north to the south; a character which is common to all rocks of this kind through the whole range of the Alps, as well as to the greater part of calcareous, schistous, and pyritous rocks, and also to the whole chain of the Jura.

'It was about a week after the fall of the mountain, that our route through Switzerland led us to visit this scene of desolation; and never can I forget the succession of melancholy views which presented themselves to our curiosity. Picture to yourself a rude and mingled mass of earth *and stones*, bristled with the shattered part of *wooden cottages*, and with thousands of heavy trees torn

up by the roots, and projecting in every direction. In one part you might see a range of peasants' huts which the torrent of earth had reached with just force enough to overthrow and tear in pieces, but without bringing soil enough to cover them. In another were mills broken in pieces by huge rocks separated from the top of the mountain, which were carried high up the opposite side of the Righi. Large pools of water were formed in different parts of the ruins, and many little streams, whose usual channels had been filled up, were bursting out in various places. Birds of prey, attracted by the smell of dead bodies, were hovering all over the valley. But the general impression made upon us by the sight of such an extent of desolation, connected, too, with the idea that hundreds of wretched creatures were at that moment alive, buried under a mass of earth, and inaccessible to the cries and labours of their friends, was too horrible to be described or understood. As we travelled along the borders of this chaos of ruined buildings, a poor peasant, bearing a countenance ghastly with wo, came up to us to beg a piece of money. He had three children buried under the ruins of a cottage, which he was endeavouring to clear away. A little further on, we came to an elevated spot which overlooked the whole scene. Here we found a painter seated on a rock, and busy in sketching its horrors. He had chosen a most favourable point. Before him, at the distance of more than a league, rose the Rosenberg, from whose bare side had rushed the destroyer of all this life and beauty. On his right was the lake of Lowertz, partly filled with the earth of the mountain. On the banks of this lake was all that remained of the town of Lowertz. Its church was demolished, but the tower yet stood, and the ruins, shattered but not thrown down. The figures which animated this part of the drawing were a few miserable peasants, left to grope among the wrecks of their village. The foreground of the picture was a wide desolate *sweep of earth* and stones, relieved by the shattered *roof of a neighbouring* cottage. On the left hand spread

the blue and tranquil surface of the lake of Zug, on the margin of which yet stands the pleasant village of Art, almost in contact with the ruins, and trembling even in its preservation.

'We proceeded, in our descent, along the side of the Righi, towards the half-buried village of Lowertz. Here we saw the poor curate, who is said to have been a spectator of the fall of the mountain. He saw the torrent of earth rushing towards his village, overwhelming half his people, and stopping just before his door. What a situation! He appeared, as we passed, to be superintending the labours of some of the survivors who were exploring the ruins of the place. A number of new-made graves, marked with a plain pine cross, shewed where a few of the wretched victims of this catastrophe had just been interred.

'The immediate cause of this calamitous event is not yet sufficiently ascertained, and probably never will be. The fall of parts of hills is not uncommon, and in Switzerland, especially, there are several instances recorded of the descent of large masses of earth and stone. But so sudden and extensive a ruin as this was perhaps never produced by the fall of a mountain. It can be compared only to the destruction occasioned by the tremendous eruptions of Etna and Vesuvius. Many persons suppose that the long and copious rains which they have lately had in this part of Switzerland, may have swelled the fountains in the Rosenberg sufficiently to push this part of the mountain off its inclined base. But we saw no marks of streams issuing from any part of the bed which is laid bare. Perhaps the consistency of the earth in the interior of the mountain was so much altered by the moisture which penetrated into it, that the projection of the Spitsberg was no longer held by a sufficiently strong cohesion, and its own weight carried it over. Perhaps, as the earth is calcareous, a kind of fermentation took place sufficient to loosen its foundations. But there is *no end to conjectures*. The mountain has fallen, and *the villages are no more*. Several travellers, or rather

strangers, have been destroyed; but whether they were there on business or for pleasure, I know not. Among them are several respectable inhabitants of Berne, and a young lady of fine accomplishments and amiable character, whose loss is much lamented.'

LADY GRANGE.

On the shores of the lonely island of St Kilda, two persons walked together in the calm and pleasant twilight of a summer-day. One of them was a lady, of tall and elegant form, and of beautiful features, though the bloom of youth no longer sat on them, and their loveliness was dimmed by the sad and melancholy impress which they wore. Her companion was an aged man, of venerable aspect, and dressed in plain but respectable attire. He was the pastor—self-delegated to the hermit-like office—of the island of St Kilda; and scanty as was the reward which accrued from his labours, few of the richest dioceses of earth could boast of a more zealous worker in the cause of peace than that solitary rock of the western main.

Long did the sad lady and her companion move in silence on that eve along the beach, listening to the tranquil murmur of the breaking waves of the Atlantic. Neither seemed disposed for converse. At length the pastor made a pause in his walk, and looking with an air of kind sympathy on his companion's downcast countenance, he said: 'You are ever sorrowful, lady; but to-night, it seems to me, you are more heavy and depressed than you have ever appeared since the time when I was first honoured with your society and friendship. No new misfortune, surely—pardon me if I am intrusive—can have reached you in such a place as this?'

'*No recent* calamity troubles me, my friend,' said the *lady with a sigh*; 'but the memory of past evils haunts

me this evening with unwonted oppressiveness, and hath excited in my breast a dark presentiment of coming ill —of sorrows yet and again to be endured. What a fate has been mine!' continued she, while a tear stole down her pale cheek; 'banished from country, home, friends —from all that the heart holds dear! And banished by those, too, that were most dear! Can new evils be added to such a sum as this?'

'Nay, dear lady,' replied the old pastor, taking her hand, 'do not let that despondency again seize you which you have encouraged me to think my counsels had helped to dispel for ever. The worst of your misfortunes, certainly, are past and known. Neither friends nor foes can well add to them.'

'Alas!' said the lady, 'you little know how far the hatred of friends, who have become enemies, can go. Those hearts of flint that could imprison a tenderly nurtured and defenceless woman on a rock like this —that husband who could doom to suffering and exile the wife of his bosom, the sharer of his pillow for many long years—that son who could so far throw off all affection and reverence for the mother that bore him, as to become the abettor of her cruel enemies—these are not the beings to think any misery too great, any barbarity too severe! Nine years of captivity have already been my doom; and these years, O how lengthened, how wearisome, how wretched! But I forget myself, my friend, my best friend, to whom I owe so much of the little comfort I have enjoyed: I forget myself; you yet know not the details of my unhappy history. Come with me now, then, and listen to them, while the wound is open, and the pain cannot be increased; come, and listen to the tale of my sufferings, ere new ones befall me, and close my lips perhaps for ever. But that the recital could not be made without throwing disgrace upon those whom I have ever loved in despite of my injuries, I would have spoken of these things ere now. One *witness, however,* of my griefs and my innocence I *would willingly leave* behind me; and whom should I

choose but him who has been as a father to me, and who has taught me to turn my thoughts to the only place where peace can be found for the wretched and oppressed!'

The tears of the venerable pastor of St Kilda flowed in sympathy with those of the lady, as he turned in silence with her from the spot where they had been standing, and took the direction of the cottage in which she resided, along with an old woman, her only attendant. When seated in this place with the pastor, the lady began her melancholy story. 'I am,' said she, 'the unfortunate daughter of an unfortunate, though ancient and respectable house. My father was John Chiesly of Dalry, a name, alas! but too well known, from the unhappy deed which his passionate nature led him to commit, and which you, my dear friend, may have heard of even in this place, where foot from the mainland seldom comes. My father, in a fit of irrepressible anger, slew Lockhart, the Lord President of the Scottish courts, and paid with his life for the deed. In her infancy this fate befell the parent of Rachel Chiesly. It was ominous of her own wretched destiny.

'After coming to the estate of womanhood, and having received the nurture suitable to my condition, under the eye of an affectionate mother, my hand was sought in marriage by several Scottish gentlemen of good rank and fortune. The one whom I loved and chose, was James Erskine of Grange, a youth who appeared to me to be endowed with every amiable quality. The affection he expressed for me was boundless, and we were united in wedlock. Our happiness for many, many years, was such as falls to the lot of few wedded pairs, and a lovely family sprung up around us. At length my husband became deeply involved in the political affairs of the period, being led into this dangerous occupation by his great influence as brother to the Earl of Mar. Alas! as he plunged more and more deeply into this vortex, his mind grew gradually estranged from me. He became *restless, intriguing*, and dissipated; and as all confidence *was broken* up between us, he began to entertain fears

—most unfounded fears—lest the political matters to which as mistress of his family I had necessarily become privy, should be revealed by me to his hurt and that of his friends. Ultimately, his dislike to me waxed so violent, that he could not live with me, and desired me to subscribe to a separation, to last during his pleasure. Yes! after I had lived with him twenty-five years, in all love and peace on my part, and had borne him a family, now partly grown up to mature estate, my husband causelessly wished me to do what I thought was contrary to my solemn vows; besides, I dearly loved my husband. Not all the persuasions used could make me subscribe to that deed.

'At length my cruel husband, after much threatening, turned me from the door of his house. I would have then gone straight to my relations in London, but some of my friends thought his temper might yet make a favourable change, and I retired for a time into strict privacy in the country. But I could not bear to live near them, and not enjoy the sight of my dear family; so, after the expiry of some months, I returned to Edinburgh, and took a chamber in a private house, near to my lord's lodging, that I might have the pleasure to see the house that he was in, and to see him and my children going out and in. I also went secretly, and made some of our relations and some religious friends speak to my husband of the sin of putting away his innocent wife; but finding all to be vain, and his heart to be strongly hardened against me, I resumed my intention of going to London.

'Having taken leave of my friends, and having, indeed, paid part of my *coach hire* to the English capital, I chanced to lodge, upon the 22d of February 1732—two days before I should have gone away—in the house of Margaret Maclean, a Highland woman, at a very little distance from Edinburgh. Being desirous of going early to rest, at my request the landlady sent the few persons that were about her house, *being two Highland women and a servant-girl, to bed an hour or so* before the usual time. I had no

servant with me at that moment, but one chamber-maid; and whether she was a party in the plot against me, or whether the landlady, who *was* a party to it, put her out of the way, I know not. However, after I had laid down my weary head to sleep in my chamber, I was aroused by the landlady, who came to my room door, and told me to rise and dress myself immediately, because two men had brought letters for me. The hope that my husband had at last relented, entered my mind, and I arose with alacrity, and put on some of my clothes. But when I anticipated joyful tidings, my expectations were frustrated by the entrance of a number of rude Highlanders into my chamber, who took hold of me, closed my mouth with their hard hands to prevent me crying out for help, as I was at first inclined to do, and finally they covered my face with a cloth, tying down my hands at the same time. I was then dragged or carried down stairs, being perhaps used the more cruelly because I had recognised the men to be servants of my Lord Lovat, and their leader to be a cousin of his. They afterwards placed me, still blindfolded, in a chair, and carried me hurriedly a considerable way, when I was taken out, and placed on horseback behind a man, whom I knew to be a retainer of Lord Lovat. Other six or seven horsemen were there also. Before they placed me behind the man, I shewed them how all the linens about my face were covered with blood, in consequence of the violence used in forcing me to keep silence. Instead of pitying me, they again tied about my face the cloths which they had for a short time taken off. We then rode away in the middle of the night, and the first thing that I knew of our route, was when we reached Linlithgow, after three hours' riding.

'I was here taken into a house where there was a good room, and I seized the opportunity of telling to two persons whom I saw in the house, that I was forced away. But no relief came of it. I could not throw off my clothes, or *rest myself* in this place, because a man was commanded *to sit continually* in the room beside me. At night, I

was taken by force down stairs, and tied on the horse as I had been before. I was then carried by this man, whose name I knew to be Alexander Fraser, of Lovat's household, to a country-house near Falkirk, where I was imprisoned in a vault for more than thirteen weeks. I was then carried to the northward, travelling on horseback, and by night. All day I was kept in the houses, where it was too apparent my cruel persecutors had pre-arranged matters for my close confinement. So barbarously did they use me, when I endeavoured, either by night or by day, to excite sympathy in my favour, that I desisted latterly from the attempt altogether. Sometimes, for weeks together, I never knew the luxury of a peaceful night's repose. At length, after being tossed hither and thither through the Highlands, ignorant almost entirely of the roads I traversed, I was put on board a small vessel, and was conveyed to the island of Hesker, off the Ross-shire coast. Wasted in body, tattered in attire, I was glad of a haven even in this miserable island, where I was lodged with one Alexander Macdonald, a tenant of Sir Alexander Macdonald. Here I was confined nearly a year, when my troubles again began, and I was conveyed, after suffering many hardships, to this island, the home once of the devout St Kilda, and where I have enjoyed comparative rest, though banished from all that is dear to me, for nine long years. Peace—true peace of mind—I have only known since your counsels have taught me to quell my repinings after what is irretrievably lost, and to seek for consolation from one who will be to me in the place of father, husband, children—all that are gone from me!'

After her narrative, the Lady of Grange sat for some time in tears, nor could the old pastor of St Kilda refrain from joining in them, when he thought of the sad reverse of fortune that had befallen the gentle and still lovely being before him. The lady was the first again to break silence. 'Perhaps you may have marvelled,' said she, 'that *such things as I* have related could be transacted *without detection* in a Christian land. Alas! the fears

which my husband entertained regarding my knowledge of his political intrigues, were shared in by too many powerful men to permit justice to be done to an injured woman; and a woman injured in nothing more than in the supposition, that treachery to her husband ever entered her thoughts. But do me one favour,' continued the lady; 'note down these things that I have now said to you, that my good name may not rest through all time with the stain upon it, which my enemies would willingly affix. Do this as you regard me; for I have a heavy presentiment that my ills are not done yet, nor is this fear altogether without rational reasons.'

The good minister did as the lady required. In a few days afterwards, the narrator of the sad story now recorded, disappeared from the island of St Kilda! Whither she was taken by her persecutors, is a matter of doubt. It is believed, however, that from a revived dread of discovery, she was removed to the isle of Skye, and that she there died soon afterwards. The narrative taken down from her own account by the pastor of St Kilda, is now before us; and from it we have, with slight abridgments, drawn the materials of the preceding story. That Lady Grange gave, in the main, a true account of her seizure, and the motives which led to it, there can be little doubt.* The only difficulty respecting the affair, is the seeming disproportion between the necessity for the act and its barbarous execution. But this disproportion is in seeming only, not in reality. A great number of influential persons—Erskine of Grange himself among the number—were concerned in Mar's rebellion of 1715, but were never

* The writer of this paper perhaps takes too favourable a view of Lady Grange's case against her husband, a course allowable in a semi-fictitious composition, but which must be received with some reservation by our readers. According to the less favourable version of the story, the temper of this unfortunate lady was extremely violent, and her conduct marked by outrageous bursts of passion. In one of her quarrels with her husband, she is said to have reminded him significantly enough, that she was the daughter of Chiesly. *These circumstances, operating to the irritation of a nature not perhaps of the most patient kind, appear to be what led to the extraordinary fate of the lady.—Ed.*

discovered by government to have taken any share in it. If Lady Grange had, in reality, seen papers criminating her husband and others, it is perfectly natural to suppose that these parties would have been ready to take any steps to silence *the* witness against them, particularly after the rebellion had ended so unfavourably. To this are we to ascribe the sufferings of the unfortunate Lady Grange. Her abduction has scarcely any parallel in the history of civilised times. But the situation of her prison, St Kilda, far out in the western main, and the little intercourse held by its simple fishermen with the mainland, rendered the place of her exile a mystery till long after her death. Her husband's influence, also, tended to suppress all attempts to investigate into the fate of his ill-fated lady.

STORY OF THE BURNING SHIP.

LATE in the autumn of 18—, I happened to be in the southern part of the United States, when some affairs of importance required my speedy appearance in Italy. The delay which would have occurred by coming to New York to embark, and the inconvenience of travelling by land at that season, induced me to engage a passage at once in a vessel which was about to sail from Charleston, laden with cotton for Marseille. The ship was commanded by Captain S——, who was also the owner of the cargo.

Without any noteworthy occurrence, we had arrived within a few days' sail of the coast of Spain, when we spoke a ship which had just come from Marseille; the vessels exchanged the latest papers of their respective countries, and went on again in their several courses. When the French gazettes were opened within our ship, our captain *read with* unexpected delight, that so small *was the supply of cotton* in the market, and so strong the

demand for it, that the next vessel which arrived with a freight of it might command almost any price which the avarice of the owner should dictate. The wind, which had been for some days setting a little toward the south, was at this time getting round to the east, and promised to bring us without delay directly to the Mediterranean. The captain perceived that, by availing himself to the utmost of this freshening breeze, he might pretty certainly realise a splendid fortune; a consideration which, as he had for years struggled with little success in the pursuit of wealth, filled him with the most enthusiastic joy. Every sail was expanded to the wind, and we advanced with the greatest rapidity.

On the following morning, a light was descried to the west, apparently directly in the course which we were making; as we proceeded briskly, however, it fell considerably to the south of us, and we perceived that it was a ship on fire. The light increased every moment, and the signal-guns fell upon our ears with distressing rapidity. The captain was at this time pacing the deck, as he had done almost constantly since the intelligence had reached him from the passing vessel, for the restlessness of expectation scarcely allowed him to repose for a moment. His eye was directed resolutely toward the north; and though the light now glared unshunnable, and the frequent shots could not be unheard, and the commotion and exclamations of the passengers could not be unnoticed, his glance never fell upon the object which engrossed all others.

After a few moments of intense wonder and excitement among the passengers and crew at the silence of the captain, the steersman called to him, and asked if he should not turn out to the distressed vessel; but the other rudely ordered him to attend to his own concerns. A little while after, at the solicitation of the whole company on board, I went up to the captain, and said to him, that I deemed it my duty to inform him, that the universal *desire of his crew* was that relief should be given to the *burning ship.* He replied with agitation, that the vessel

could not be saved, and that he should only lose the wind; and immediately went down to the cabin, and locked the door. He was a kind-hearted man by nature, and, on ordinary occasions, few would have taken greater trouble to benefit a fellow-being. But the prospect of riches was too much for his virtue; the hope of great gain devoured all the better feelings of his nature, and made his heart as hard as stone. If his mother had shrieked from the flames, I do not believe that he would have turned from his course.

The crew, in this condition of things, had nothing to do but to lament the master's cruelty, and submit to it. They watched the fiery mass, conscious that a large company of their brethren was perishing within their sight, who, by their efforts, might probably be saved. It was not for several hours that the captain appeared again upon the deck, and from his appearance then, I imagine that the conflict during his solitude must have been severe and trying. I stood near him as he came up. His face had a rigid yet anxious look—the countenance of a man who braved, yet feared some shock. His back was turned to the quarter from which we came, and in that position he addressed to me calmly some indifferent observations. While the conversation went on, he cast frequent and hurried glances to the south and east, till his eyes had swept the whole horizon, and he had satisfied himself that the ship was no longer in view; he then turned fully round, and with an affected gaiety, but a real uneasiness which was apparent in the random character of his remarks, drew out his glass, and having, by long and scrutinising examination, satisfied his fears, at length recovered his composure.

When we reached our destination, I found a ship just preparing to sail for Florence, and I took my passage, leaving the captain to dispose of his cargo at his pleasure. About eight months after this, when I had almost forgotten the occurrence, I was sitting in the private parlour of a *London hotel*, when a letter was put into my hands from *Captain S——*. It stated that the writer, who was in

the city, had heard of my arrival, and would esteem it a very great kindness if I would visit him at my earliest leisure; my coming would be of the utmost importance to himself and others; his servant, it added, waited to show me the way. I immediately set out to comply with the request.

Upon entering the room, I was shocked at the change which had taken place in his appearance. He was thin, pale, and haggard, with a wildness of eye that almost indicated that his reason was unsettled. He testified much joy at seeing me, and desiring me to be seated, began his communication.

'I have taken the liberty,' said he, 'of desiring your company at this time, because you are the only person in London to whom I can venture to make application; and I am going to lay upon you a commission, to which I am sure you will not object. The circumstances of our voyage to Marseille will occur to your mind without my repeating them. I sold my cargo upon the most advantageous terms, and was rendered at once a rich man. The possession of wealth was new to me, and its enjoyment added, in my case, to its usual gratification, the charm of novelty. In the capital of Paris I spent many weeks of the highest pleasure, until one day, on entering a *café*, I took up a gazette, and my eyes fell upon an account of the awful burning of a British man-of-war. The announcement fell upon me like the bolt of heaven. My heart beat and my frame shivered, but I read every word of the article. The vessel which I passed the day before had seen the light from a great distance, and immediately put back to render assistance, but arrived too late to rescue more than two of the crew. They reported that a vessel passed to the north of them within half an hour's sail, but paid no regard to the repeated signals; upon the commander of that ship, the article concluded, must rest the loss of 200 persons.

'My peace of mind was gone for ever. My ingenuity could devise no sophistry which suggested comfort. Wherever I went that day, I was haunted by remorse. I retired

to bed, that I might forget in sleep the tortures of the day; but a terrific dream brought before my mind the whole scene of the conflagration, with the roar of the signal-guns. I awoke with horror. Thrice on the same night did I compose myself to sleep, and thrice was I awakened by the repetition of the dream. For many hours on the succeeding day my spirits were shockingly depressed, but the gay company which I frequented gradually restored me to serenity, and by night I was tolerably composed. But the evening again brought terror; the same vision rushed upon my mind, and racked it to agony whenever I fell into a slumber. Perceiving that if I yielded to this band of tormentors, I should quickly be maddened by suffering, I resolved to struggle with remorse, and to harden my heart against conscience. I succeeded always, when awake, in mastering the emotion, but no power on earth could shield me from the torments of sleep. Imagining at length that the prostrate position of my bed might be one cause of the vividness of my dreams, I took the resolution of sleeping upright in a chair, while my servant watched by me. But no sooner did my head drop upon my breast in incipient slumber, than the fire again tortured my brain; the booming guns again rang upon my inward ear. I sought all diversions; I wandered over Europe, seeking to relieve myself from the domination of this fancy by perpetual change of sights and succession of sounds, but in vain. Daily the horrid picture more and more enslaved my imagination, until at length, even in waking, while my eye rested on vacancy, a burning ship was painted in the air, and with my waking ears I heard the eternal guns. The horror has absorbed my being. I am separated by a circle of fire from the world; I breathe the stifling air of hell. Even now, I see nothing but the wide sea and the incessant flame upon it; I hear now the agonising signals—boom! boom!'

The unfortunate man paused for a moment, and I never yet *saw such* anguish upon human face. He *resumed in a few* moments his account.

'This must soon end. I know I shall not survive many hours. I am dying of a raging fever, but I will have no advice or assistance. The purpose for which I have sent for you is briefly this: the whole sum of money which I gained by my ship's cargo is in the Bank of England. I shall order in my will that every cent of it shall be at your disposal. I wish you to discover the families of those who perished in this vessel; you will learn their names by inquiring at the Admiralty. Distribute to them every cent of this money. You will not deny the last request of a dying man? promise me that you will faithfully perform my wish.'

I gave him the promise which he desired, and left him.

That night Captain S—— was no more.*

ELI WHITNEY.

ELI WHITNEY, the Arkwright of America, and one of the most intrepid and persevering improvers that ever lived—whose name, nevertheless, has as yet been totally unknown in Britain—was the son of a respectable farmer at Westborough, Worcester County, Massachusetts, where he was born in the year 1765. Very early, young Eli gave striking indications of the mechanical genius for which he afterwards was so distinguished. His education was of a limited character until he had reached the age of nineteen, when he conceived the idea of entering a college. Accordingly, notwithstanding the opposition of his parents, he prepared himself, partly by means of the profits of his manual labour, partly by teaching a village-school, for the freshman class in the university of New

* *The above story appears among the original contributions in the New York Mirror for* March 11, 1837, and it is from that paper we *quote it. The writer's* name is unknown to us.

Haven, which he entered May 1789. Soon after he took his degree in the autumn of 1792, he entered into an engagement with a gentleman of Georgia, to reside in his family as a private teacher; but on his arrival in that state, he found that another teacher had been employed, and he was left entirely without resources. Fortunately, however, among the passengers in the vessel in which he sailed, was Mrs Greene, the widow of the celebrated general, who had given him an invitation to spend some time at her residence at Mulberry Grove, near Savannah; and on learning his disappointment, she benevolently insisted upon his making her house his home until he had prepared himself for the Bar, as was his intention.

Whitney had not been long in her family before a complete turn was given to his views. A party of gentlemen, on a visit to Mrs Greene, having fallen into a conversation upon the state of agriculture among them, expressed great regret that there was no means of cleansing the green seed-cotton, or separating it from its seed, remarking, that until ingenuity could devise some machine which would greatly facilitate the process of cleansing, it was in vain to think of raising cotton for market. 'Gentlemen,' said Mrs Greene, 'apply to my young friend Mr Whitney: he can make anything.'

She then conducted them into a neighbouring room, where she shewed them a number of specimens of his genius. The gentlemen were next introduced to Whitney himself; and when they named their object, he replied that he had never seen either cotton or cotton-seed during his life. But the idea was engendered; and it being out of season for cotton in the seed, he went to Savannah, and searched among the warehouses and boats until he found a small portion of it. This he carried home, and set himself to work with such rude materials and instruments as a Georgia plantation afforded. With these resources, however, he made tools better suited to his *purpose, and drew his* own wire, of which the teeth *of the earliest gins* were made, which was an article not

at that time to be found in the market of Savannah. Mrs Greene and Mr Miller—a gentleman who, having first come into the family of General Greene as a private tutor, afterwards married his widow—were the only persons admitted into his workshop, who knew in what way he was employing himself. The many hours he spent in his mysterious pursuits afforded matter of great curiosity, and often of raillery, to the younger members of the family. Near the close of the winter, the machine was so nearly completed as to leave no doubt of its success. Mrs Greene then invited to her house gentlemen from different parts of the state; and on the first day after they had assembled, she conducted them to a temporary building which had been erected for the machine, and they saw with astonishment and delight, that more cotton could be separated from the seed in one day, by the labour of a single hand, than could be done in the usual manner in the space of many months.

We have in vain searched the best British encyclopædias for a description of the machine which Mr Whitney thus constructed, but we learn from the *Encyclopædia Americana*, that it consisted chiefly of a process of circular saws, which by a rotatory motion dragged the cotton betwixt wires, leaving the seeds to fall to the bottom, while the cotton so cleaned was carried off by a rotatory brush playing upon the saws. An invention so important to the agricultural interest, and, as it has proved, to every department of human industry, could not long remain a secret. The knowledge of it soon spread through the state; and so great was the excitement on the subject, that multitudes of persons came from all quarters of it to see the machine; but it was not deemed prudent to gratify their curiosity until the patent-right had been secured. So determined, however, were some of the populace to possess this treasure, that neither law nor justice could restrain them: they broke open the building *by night*, and carried off the machine. In this way the *public* became possessed of the invention, and before *Mr Whitney* could complete his model, and secure his

patent, a number of machines were in successful operation, constructed with some slight deviation from the original, with the hope of evading the penalty for violating the patent-right. A short time after this, he entered into partnership with Mr Miller, who, having considerable funds at command, proposed to him to become his joint adventurer, and to be at the whole expense of maturing the invention until it should be patented. If the machine succeeded in its intended operation, the parties agreed to share equally all the profits and advantages accruing from it. The instrument of their partnership bears date May 27, 1793.

Immediately afterwards, Mr Whitney repaired to Connecticut, where, as far as possible, he was to perfect the machine, obtain a patent, and manufacture and ship for Georgia such a number of machines as would supply the demand. On June 20, 1793, he presented his petition for a patent to Mr Jefferson, then secretary of state; but the prevalence of the yellow fever in Philadelphia, at that period the seat of government, prevented his concluding the business until several months afterwards. We have not space sufficient at our disposal to give a satisfactory detail of the obstacles and misfortunes which for a long time hindered the partners from reaping those advantages from the invention which it should have procured for them, and which they had an ample right to expect. These difficulties arose principally from the innumerable violations of their patent-right, by which they were involved in various almost interminable lawsuits. The legislature of South Carolina purchased, in 1801, their right for that state for the sum of 50,000 dollars—a mere 'song,' to use Whitney's own phrase, 'in comparison with the worth of the thing; but it was securing something.' It enabled them to pay the debts which they had contracted, and divide something between them. In the following year, Mr Whitney negotiated a sale of his patent-right with the state of North Carolina, the legislature of which laid a tax of 2s. 6d. upon *every saw*—and some of the gins had forty saws

—employed in ginning cotton, to be continued for five years, which sum was to be collected by the sheriffs in the same manner as the public taxes; and after deducting the expenses of collection, the proceeds were faithfully paid over to the patentees. No small portion, however, of the funds thus obtained in the two Carolinas, was expended in carrying on the fruitless lawsuits which it was deemed necessary to prosecute in Georgia. A gentleman who was well acquainted with Mr Whitney's affairs in the south, and sometimes acted as his legal adviser, observed, that in all his experience in the thorny profession of the law, he had never seen a case of such perseverance under such persecution; 'Nor,' he adds, 'do I believe that I ever knew any other man who would have met them with equal coolness and firmness, or who would have obtained even the partial success which he had.'

There have, indeed, been but few instances in which the author of such inestimable advantages to a whole country as those which accrued from the invention of the cotton-gin to the Southern States, was so harshly treated, and so inadequately compensated, as the subject of this sketch. He did not exaggerate when he said, that it raised the value of those states from 50 to 100 per cent. 'If we should assert,' said Judge Johnson, 'that the benefits of this invention exceed *one hundred millions of dollars*, we can prove the assertion by correct calculation.' Besides the violations of his right, he had to struggle against the efforts of malevolence and self-interest to deprive him of the honour of the invention, which he did triumphantly. In 1803, the entire responsibility of the whole concern devolved upon him, in consequence of the death of Mr Miller. In 1812, he made application to Congress for the renewal of his patent. In his memorial, he presented a history of the difficulties which he had been forced to encounter in defence of his right, observing *that he had* been unable to obtain any decision on the *merits of his* claim until he had been eleven years in the *law, and thirteen* years of his patent term had expired.

He set forth that his invention had been a source of opulence to thousands of the citizens of the United States; that, as a labour-saving machine, it would enable one man to perform the work of a thousand men; and that it furnishes to the whole family of mankind, at a very cheap rate, the most essential article of their clothing. Hence he humbly conceived himself entitled to a further remuneration from his country, and thought he ought to be admitted to a more liberal participation with his fellow-citizens in the benefits of his invention. 'It does, we must confess,' says Mr Whitney's American biographer, 'strike us with no little surprise, that the southern planters —gentlemen who enjoy a great and just reputation for elevation and generosity of character—should not have taken some means of conveying to Mr Whitney an adequate and substantial testimony of the gratitude which they must have felt towards one to whom they were so incalculably indebted. So far, however, from this having been the case, even the application just mentioned was rejected by Congress on account of the warm opposition it experienced from a majority of the southern members.'

Some years before, in 1798, Mr Whitney, impressed with the uncertainty of all his hopes founded on the cotton-gin, had engaged in another enterprise, which conducted him, by slow but sure steps, to a competent fortune. This was the manufacture of arms for the United States. He first obtained a contract through the influence of Oliver Wolcott, at that time secretary of the Treasury, for 10,000 stand of arms, amounting to 134,000 dollars, which was to be fulfilled within a little more than two years. This was a great undertaking, as may be inferred from the facts, that the works were all to be erected, the machinery was to be made, and much of it to be invented; the raw materials were to be collected from different quarters, and the workmen themselves, almost without exception, were yet to learn the trade. The impediments he was obliged to remove were too *numerous and great to* allow him to fulfil his stipulation *as to time, and eight* years instead of two elapsed before

the muskets were all completed. The entire business relating to the contract was not closed until January 1809, when—so liberally had the government made advances to the contractor—the final balance due Mr Whitney was only 2400 dollars. It is universally conceded, that his superior genius and industry greatly contributed to the improvement of the manufacture of arms, and, indeed, to the general advancement of arts and manufactures; for many of his inventions for facilitating the making of muskets, were applicable to most other manufactures of iron and steel.

In 1812, he entered into a new contract with the United States for 15,000 stand of arms, and in the meantime executed a similar engagement for the state of New York. In January 1817, he married the youngest daughter of Pierpont Edwards, late judge of the district court for the state of Connecticut. For the five subsequent years he continued to enjoy domestic happiness, a competent fortune, and an honourable reputation, when he was attacked by a fatal malady, an enlargement of the prostate-gland, which, after causing great and protracted suffering, terminated his life on the 8th of January 1825. In person, Mr Whitney was considerably above the ordinary size, of a dignified carriage, and of an open, manly, and agreeable countenance. His manners were conciliatory, and his whole appearance such as to inspire respect. He possessed great serenity of temper, though he had strong feelings, and a high sense of honour. Perseverance was a striking trait in his character. Everything that he attempted, he effected as far as possible. In the relations of private life, he enjoyed the affection and esteem of all with whom he was connected.

ADVENTURE OF A RANGER.

DARING hardihood, readiness of resource, and patience in overcoming difficulties, are nowhere so well or so frequently exemplified as among the hunters and woodmen of the back states of America. The following account of one of these enterprising and resolute men, appeared upwards of twenty years ago in a periodical in Illinois, and its truth is vouched for by the writer:—

Tom Higgins, as he was usually called, is a native of Kentucky, and is one of the best examples extant of the genuine backwoodsman. During the last war, at the age of nineteen, he enlisted in the Rangers—a corps of mounted men, raised expressly for the protection of the western frontiers. On the 30th of August 1814, he was one of the party of twelve men, under the command of Lieutenant Journey, who were posted at Hill's Station—a small stockade, about three miles south of the present village of Greenville, and something more than twenty miles from Vandalia. Those towns were not then in existence, and the surrounding country was one vast wilderness. During the day last mentioned, 'Indian signs' were seen about half a mile from the station, and at night the savages were discovered prowling near the fort, but no alarm was given. On the following morning, early, Mr Journey moved out with his party, in pursuit of the Indians. Passing round the fence of a corn-field adjoining the fort, they struck across the prairie, and had not proceeded more than a quarter of a mile, when, in crossing a small ridge, which was covered with a hazel-thicket, in full view of the station, they fell into an ambuscade of Indians, who rose suddenly around them, to the number of seventy or eighty, and fired. Four of our party were killed, among whom was Lieutenant Journey; *one other* fell badly wounded; and the rest *fled, except Higgins.*

It was an uncommon sultry morning—the day was just dawning, a heavy dew had fallen the preceding night, the air was still and humid, and the smoke from the guns hung in a cloud over the spot. Under the cover of this cloud, Higgins's surviving companion had escaped, supposing all who were left were dead; or that, at all events, it would be rashness to attempt to rescue them from so overwhelming a force. Higgins's horse had been shot through the neck, fell to his knees, and rose again several times. Believing the animal mortally wounded, he dismounted, but finding the wound had not greatly disabled him, he continued to hold the bridle; for, as he now felt confident of being able to make good his retreat, he determined to fire off his gun before he retired. He looked around for a tree—there was but one, a small elm, and he made for this, intending to shoot from behind it; but at this moment the cloud of smoke arose partially from before him, disclosing to his view a number of Indians, none of whom discovered him. One of them stood within a few paces, loading his gun, and at him Higgins took a deliberate aim, fired, and the Indian fell. Mr Higgins, still concealed by the smoke, reloaded his gun, mounted, and turned to fly, when a low voice near hailed him with: 'Tom, you won't leave me?'

On looking round, he discovered the speaker to be one of his comrades named Burgess, who was lying wounded on the ground, and he replied instantly: 'No, I'll not leave you; come along, and I'll take care of you.'

'I can't come,' replied Burgess; 'my leg is smashed all to pieces.'

Higgins sprang from the saddle, and picking up his comrade—whose ankle-bone was broken—in his arms, he proceeded to lift him on his horse, telling him to fly, and that he would make his own way on foot. But the horse taking fright at this instant, darted off, leaving Higgins, with his wounded friend, on foot. Still, the cool *bravery of the* former was sufficient for every emergency; *and setting* Burgess down gently, he told him: 'Now, my *good fellow,* you must hop off on your three legs, while

I stay between you and the Indians, to keep them off'—instructing him at the same time to get into the highest grass, and crawl as close to the ground as possible. Burgess followed his advice, and escaped unnoticed. History does not relate a more disinterested act of heroism than this of Higgins, who, having in his hands the certain means of escape from such imminent peril, voluntarily gave them up, by offering his horse to a wounded comrade; and who, when that generous intention was defeated, and his own retreat was still practicable, remained, at the hazard of his life, to protect his crippled friend.

The cloud of smoke—which had partially opened before him, as he faced the enemy—still lay thick behind him; and, as he plunged through this, he left it, together with the ridge and the hazel-thicket, between him and the main body of the Indians, and was retiring unobserved by them. Under these circumstances, it is probable that if he had retreated in a direct line towards the station, he might very readily have effected his escape. But Burgess was slowly crawling away in that direction, and the gallant Higgins—who coolly surveyed the whole ground—foresaw that, if he pursued the same tract, and should be discovered, his friend would be endangered. He therefore took the heroic resolution of deviating from the true course, so far as that any of the enemy who should follow him, would not fall in with Burgess. With this intention, he moved stealthily along through the smoke and bushes, intending, when he emerged, to retreat at full speed. But as he left the thicket, he beheld a large Indian near him, and two others on the other side, in the direction of the fort. Tom coolly surveyed his foes, and began to chalk out his track; for although in the confidence of his own activity and courage he felt undismayed of such odds, yet he found it necessary to act *the general*. Having an enemy on each flank, he determined to separate them, and fight them singly. Making for a ravine, which was not far off, he bounded away, but soon found that one of his *limbs failed him*, having received a ball on the first *fire, which, until now,* he had scarcely noticed. The

largest Indian was following him closely; Higgins turned several times to fire, but the Indian would halt and dance about, to prevent him from taking aim, and Tom knew that he could not afford to fire at random. The other two were now closing on him; and he found, that unless he could dispose of the first one, he must be overpowered. He therefore halted, resolved to receive a fire; and the Indian, at a few paces distant, raised his rifle. Higgins watched his adversary's eye, and just as he thought his finger pressed the trigger, he suddenly threw his side to him. It is probable this motion saved his life, for the ball entered his thigh, which would have pierced his body. Tom fell, but rose again and ran; and the largest Indian, certain of his prey, loaded again, and then with the two others, pursued. They soon came near Higgins, who had again fallen, and, as he rose, they all three fired, and he received all their balls. He now fell and rose several times, and the Indians, throwing away their guns, advanced on him with spears and knives. They frequently charged upon him, but on his presenting his gun at one or the other, they fell back. At last, the largest one —thinking, probably, from Tom's reserving his fire so long, that his gun was empty—charged boldly up to him, and Higgins, with a steady aim, shot him dead.

With four bullets in his body, and with an empty gun, two Indians before him, and a whole tribe but a few rods off, almost any other man would have despaired. But Tom Higgins had no such notion; the Indian whom he had last slain was the most dangerous of the three, and he felt little fear of the others. He had been near enough to see their eyes, and he knew human nature sufficiently, to discover that he was their superior in courage. He therefore faced them, and began to load his rifle; they raised a whoop, and rushed on him. 'They kept their distance as long as my rifle was loaded,' said he; 'but now, when they knew it was empty, they were *better soldiers*.'

A fierce and bloody conflict ensued; the Indians, rushing upon Tom, stabbed him in many places; but it happened,

fortunately, that the shafts of their spears were thin poles, rigged hastily for the occasion, which bent whenever the point struck a rib, or encountered the opposition of one of Higgins's tough muscles. From this cause, and the continued exertion of his hand and his rifle in warding off their thrusts, the wounds thus made were not deep, but his whole front was covered with gashes, of which the scars yet remain in honourable proof of his valour. At last one of them threw his tomahawk: the edge sunk deep into Higgins's cheek, passed through the ear, which it severed, laid bare his skull to the back of his head, and stretched him on the plain. The Indians rushed on, but Tom instantly recovered his self-possession, and kept them off with his feet and his hands, until he succeeded in grasping one of their spears, which, as the Indian attempted to pull it from him, aided him to rise; and, clubbing his rifle, he rushed upon the nearest of his foes, and dashed his brains out; in doing which, he broke the stock to pieces, retaining only the barrel in his hand.

The other Indian, however warily he had fought before, now came manfully into battle. It is probable that he felt his character as a warrior at stake. To have fled from a man desperately wounded and almost disarmed, or to have suffered his victim to escape, would have tarnished his manhood. Uttering a terrific yell, he rushed on, and attempted to stab the exhausted ranger; while the latter, warding off the spear with one hand, brandished his rifle-barrel in the other. The Indian, unwounded, was now by far the most powerful man, but the moral courage of our hero prevailed; and the savage, unable to bear the fierce glance of his untamed eye, began to retreat slowly towards the place where he had dropped his rifle. Tom knew that if the Indian recovered his gun, his own case was hopeless, and, throwing away his rifle-barrel, he drew his hunting-knife, and rushed in upon him. A desperate strife ensued, and several deep gashes were inflicted, but the Indian succeeded in casting Higgins *from him*, and ran to the spot where he had *thrown down his* gun, while Tom searched for the gun

of the other Indian; thus the two, bleeding and out of breath, were both searching for arms to renew the conflict.

By this time the smoke that lay between the combatants and the main body of the Indians had passed away, and a number of the latter having passed the hazel-thicket, were in full view. It seemed, therefore, as if nothing could save our heroic ranger; but relief was at hand.

The little garrison at the station, six or seven in number, had witnessed the whole of this unparalleled combat. There was among them a heroic woman, a Mrs Pursley, who, when she saw Higgins contending singly with the foe, urged the men to go to his rescue. The rangers at first considered the attempt hopeless, as the Indians outnumbered them ten to one. But Mrs Pursley, declaring that so fine a fellow as Tom should not be lost for want of help, snatched a rifle out of her husband's hand, and jumping on a horse, sallied out. The men, who, not to be outdone by a woman, followed at full gallop towards the place of combat. A scene of intense interest ensued: the Indians at the thicket had just discovered Tom, and were rushing down towards him with savage yells; his friends were spurring their horses to reach him first. Higgins, exhausted with the loss of blood, had fallen and fainted, while his adversary, too intent on his prey to observe anything else, was looking for a rifle. The rangers reached the battle-ground first. Mrs Pursley, who knew Tom's spirit, thought he had thrown himself down in despair for the loss of his gun, and tendered him the one she carried; but Tom was past shooting. His friends lifted him up, threw him across a horse before one of the party, and turned to retreat just as the Indians came up. They made good their retreat, and the Indians retired.

We repeat this adventure just as it was related to us, and have not the least doubt that it is literally correct, *or as nearly* so as Mr Higgins's opportunities for observation would admit. For, as he very properly observes, *he was 'in a desperate bad fix;'* just about that time,

and it was a '*powerful bad chance*' for a man to take notice of what was going on around him.

After being carried into the fort, he remained insensible for some days, and his life was preserved with difficulty by his friends, who extracted all the bullets but two, which remained in the thigh; one of which gave him a great deal of pain for several years, although the flesh was healed. At length he heard that a physician had settled within a day's ride of him, whom he went to see. The physician was willing to extract the ball, but asked the sum of fifty dollars for the operation. This Tom flatly refused to give, as it was more than half a year's pension. As he rode home, he turned the matter in his mind, and determined upon a cheaper plan; when he reached home, he requested his wife to hand him a razor, the exercise of riding had so chafed the part, that the ball, which usually was not discoverable to the touch, could be felt. With the assistance of his helpmate, he very deliberately laid open his thigh, until the edge of the razor touched the bullet, and inserting his finger into the gash, 'flirted it out,' as he termed it, 'without costing a cent.' The other ball remains in his limb yet, but gives him no trouble except when he uses violent exercise. Tom, notwithstanding his injuries, is still one of the most successful hunters in the country.

THE MUSIC MEETING.

FEW country towns of any eminence are unblessed by occasional visits from that portion of the musical world, who, having finished their engagements in London, betake themselves, at the close of the season, to a tour in the provinces, for the purpose of gathering a new harvest, *and of delighting* ears which otherwise might never be *acquainted with the* concord of sweet sounds produced by

artists of the highest rank. The borough, however, of which we write, would have been unblessed by any visitation of the kind, had not the passionate love of music evinced by the vicar of St Mary's and his large family, induced them to attempt to get up an affair so well suited to their tastes. Mr Godfrey proposed the scheme to the governors and governesses of charitable institutions, but these obtuse persons were resolutely opposed to it: and but for one enterprising individual, the hopeful project would have fallen to the ground.

A speculating wine-merchant, fancying that he would make a handsome profit by the sale of his liquors during the festival, took up the idea very seriously, and agreed to join the vicar in risking the chances of payment of the expenses incurred, by the proceeds taken at the doors of the church and the concert-room. The overplus, after all the demands should be satisfied, was generously promised to a charity; and with this benevolent colour to the private and personal views of the parties concerned, the undertaking was commenced. The arrangements, engagements, and all the professional part of the business, devolved upon Mr Godfrey, who, from his musical experience, was supposed to be perfectly adequate to the task. The whole of his sons and daughters, always excepting the baby, assisted with infinite glee in preparing for an occasion of so much importance, and their enthusiasm fortunately carried them through the sea of troubles which speedily arose to thwart or cross them in the arduous undertaking. Mr Godfrey, in getting up concerts at home, had in a small way experienced the pains and penalties of management: he now knew what they were when it was to be conducted upon a larger scale; but notwithstanding his presumed acquaintance with the routine to be followed, he failed at the very outset to accomplish a favourite object. Unaware of the schism existing between them, he entered into negotiations with *two prima* donnas, each of whom was entitled to have *her name* printed in capital letters at the head of the *bills*. *Both* names, it was clear, could not be placed first;

the point was one of too great importance to be ceded by either: and the delicate affair of the correspondence not being carried on upon the vicar's part with the requisite address, both ladies declined, and the post of honour remained unfilled for a considerable period. At length, a third singer of equal pretensions, new to England, but celebrated for her continental reputation, was prevailed upon to *début* at this festival. The Godfreys were in ecstasies, but speedily discovered that the advantages gained by securing this novelty, were more than counterbalanced by the cabals and intrigues which her introduction produced amongst the other performers, all anxious to throw obstacles in the way of her success, and to raise themselves upon the ruins of her celebrity. She proved as intractable as the two former; her demands were enormous, and seemed to have no end; and so pertinaciously did she cling to every fresh stipulation, that Mr Godfrey found himself compelled to engage a set of useless people, her relations, who were absolutely destitute of talent, and only served to embarrass the concern. The instrumentalists were as troublesome as the vocalists. Many insisted upon being permitted to introduce pieces of their own composition, perfectly unsuitable to the occasion. All were more intent upon individual display than the general effect; and the most valuable and the most obstinate were per force indulged in their caprices, to the injury of the performances which they were paid to support.

The talk caused by this music meeting raised very unreasonable expectations of profit amongst the tradespeople of the town. Everything marketable was doubled and trebled in price; and the poor managers justly feared that the high demand for lodgings, and the expenses of living, would deter numbers of persons of limited income from attending the festival, or from staying through the whole of it. In vain did the wine-merchant expostulate and *represent*; a foolish notion prevailed that *he was to make his fortune* by this affair, and a general *determination was evinced to secure a due proportion of*

the golden showers to be poured in upon the borough. Shopkeepers were induced to speculate very deeply in the purchase of an expensive assortment of goods, in the hope of finding a ready sale for them during the influx of visitors; and had their expectations been more reasonable, they would have been satisfied. But there is such a thing as being too sanguine, and the calculations based upon mistaken premises, occasioned almost universal disappointment. The bustle and confusion prevailing in other parts of the town, as visitors of all descriptions thronged in, though very considerable, was nothing compared to that which took place at the vicarage. Mademoiselle Zucarelli, invited under the supposition that she would come to the music meeting alone, had thought proper to bring a father, mother, sister, and two brothers, with her; the amiable relatives for whom she had procured engagements, and whom she accordingly chose to consider included in the list of guests. Cazinski, the celebrated pianist, and Puffenuff, the not less celebrated oboist, had also come upon the unadvised invitation of some thoughtless members of the family. Troublesome guests they proved: poor Mrs Godfrey had no peace either by night or by day. Articles of furniture were to be borrowed or hired for the accommodation of these people; the usual occupants of the apartments relinquished to them their use, packing themselves in garrets; while the children were obliged to be content with closets under the stairs. The windows of one apartment were to be nailed up, notwithstanding the heat of the weather, to prevent the possibility of admitting the foggy air of the climate, the alleged cause of Mademoiselle Giacinto Zucarelli's inability to sing in England. Another insisted upon a warm bath being put up in his bedroom; and a third had the grate taken out, to admit a cooking-apparatus which he carried about with him. Not content with making their coffee, and pursuing their culinary operations in their own apartments, the whole party, with the exception of the prima donna, were continually sallying down into the kitchen, to superintend what the stout blowsy damsel, who presided

over the family roasts and boils, was pleased to denominate messes and stuff. Sauce-pans and frying-pans laden with macaroni or fish, swimming in butter and oil, flew up and down stairs, and the house was sheeted with grease from top to bottom. Nearly all the foreigners breakfasted in bed, and old Madame Zucarelli dined there. Extra servants were hired to help, and a constant scene of eating and drinking, fussing and wastery, went on. Half the town, under the pretence of paying their respects to the family, flocked to the vicarage, in order to stare at the foreigners, and see how they comported themselves in private. To the scandal of all decorous people, Mademoiselle Zucarelli, the star, received her visitors at her toilet; a continental custom, which seemed most particularly shocking to the old ladies of the borough, who had never even read of such doings, and wondered how the world had existed so long when told that people in France and Italy thought nothing about it. The only periods during the four-and-twenty hours in which poor Mrs Godfrey, the drudge of this musical family, obtained any respite, were those occupied by the oratorios and concerts, which took place alternately—the sacred selections in the morning, and the miscellaneous music in the evening of every other day. She had then the satisfaction of seeing the whole party bend their way to the church, or to the Assembly Rooms, and was left to snatch a little rest and enjoyment in the company of two or three elderly ladies, her particular friends, who came to pick up the news, and the fragments of pigeon-pies, and to descant upon the particular hardships of the unfortunate matron's lot, while they finished any cold punch that happened to be left in the bottles.

The first oratorio and concert went off exceedingly well; the church was crowded, and so also was the Assembly Room. On the second occasion, symptoms of decline were observable, and the third threatened to be an absolute failure. The vicar had been advised not to give an oratorio and a concert on the same day; and had the prices of lodgings been less extravagant, this arrangement might have answered; but not many of the families

that came in from the country could afford to pay the sum which was demanded per diem for decent accommodation. Very few, therefore, remained during the week, and those were principally induced to stay by the promise of a ball on the Friday, the last day of the oratorios. The triumph of dancing over music, would at any other time have been a sad mortification to the vicar's family, but it was disregarded in the alarm of the moment. A heavy onus had been incurred, and Mr Godfrey looked very blank when he thought of his own responsibility. In this emergency, the young people were eminently useful; their honour was concerned in averting the catastrophe which soon became confidently anticipated. An alarming degree of languor prevailed amongst the whole community, and the hawks' eyes of the Godfreys, having even on the crowded day detected the absence of a very large portion of their own acquaintances, they determined upon pressing them into the service. Miss Godfrey, therefore, and Miss Caroline, Mr James, and Mr Charles, attended by some of their younger brothers and sisters, filled their pockets with tickets, and flew in all directions over the town, forcing some and persuading others to become unwilling purchasers. Few escaped their exactions; and the fortunate recovery of one of the performers, whose name, in consequence of an alarming indisposition, had been left out of the bills, enabled the directors to issue new placards. The wonderful performances of Signor Guiseppe di Mancini, on the double bassoon, were vaunted in large letters. It was not a common instrument; and the promised accompaniment of trumpets and kettle-drums proved more attractive than Signora Zucarelli had been, whose execution of sacred music was pronounced inferior to that of a young English lady, of no reputation whatever, who came out at the same time. The Godfreys, in their invasions upon the quiet of harmless peaceable families, sowed the seeds of dissension in many places. One lady, prevailed upon *sorely against* her will to make the purchase, burned the *tickets*, in order to prevent her husband from becoming

acquainted with her imprudence; others bore the brunt of a lecture for the sake of the promised amusement; while several grumbled over their too easy assent, given from mere inability to devise any method of escaping the importunities of people who would take no denial.

'Good gracious me!' exclaimed Miss Sarah Crumpton, upon returning from a gossipping expedition, to her meeker sister Miss Anne, who had unfortunately stayed at home—'good gracious me! you haven't been buying these tickets surely?' Four printed cards, bearing the directors' seals and signatures, were lying on the table, evidences of the almost incredible fact. 'Well, I shall really go crazed with the thought of such extravagance! —half-a-guinea each for the oratorio tickets, and seven shillings, that's fourteen, for a concert—one pound fifteen gone, and nothing to shew for it!' Miss Anne's countenance exhibited a deplorable mixture of contrition and dismay, but she screwed up her courage for an answer.

'Why, Miss Caroline was *so* pressing, and she took me *so* by surprise, and she seemed to think it would be *so* shabby to refuse; and *so*'——

'And *so*,' interrupted Miss Sarah, 'we are to be one pound fifteen shillings out of pocket, besides all that we must lay out in dress. I assure you,' she continued, 'no one goes in bonnets to the church; nothing is worn there except hats or caps of the most tasty kind.'

'Suppose,' said Anne, a good deal chagrined, 'that we were to try to get the oratorio tickets off our hands; they are the dearest, the half-guinea ones, which is certainly too much to give for a morning's amusement. But I must say, I shouldn't object to go to the concert in the evening. All our acquaintances make it a point to be seen once at least at this festival; and I daresay that the Smiths, and the Browns, and the Taylors, would think it odd if we were not to go. Our turbans look remarkably well by candle-light, and we have never worn the dresses that came home from the scourer last week.'

Miss *Sarah approved*, and each taking a ticket, they *sallied forth to try their* fortunes in different parts of the

town. But the idea, though ingenious, proved a forlorn-hope. The Godfreys had been everywhere before them: and the few who possessed nerve enough to withstand the fire of that family, were deaf, dumb, and insensible to the humble solicitations of the Misses Crumpton. What was now to be done? Why, to buy some cheap bargain of hats, a little out of date, from Miss Dodd, the milliner. Well, then, these indispensable articles were bought. The hats, observed the ladies to each other, were really very handsome, and so wonderfully cheap, that they would not have been justified in letting them go. The Smiths, and the Browns, and the Taylors, would be quite surprised at the dashing appearance they would make in the church; and upon second thoughts, both agreed that it would have been very impolitic to have stayed away, as their absence in the morning would doubtless have been attributed to the shabbiness of their turbans. The next day, the Misses Crumpton, having completed all their preparations for the toilet, and having quite got over their regret at an unexpected outlay, dressed with great alacrity, and walked to the church, sailing along the streets with conscious dignity, and returning most graciously the bob-courtesies which the children playing in the gutters instinctively made to the grand hats passing along. They congratulated themselves upon having seats in the middle aisle, where they could both see and be seen, and screened from the sun, which came through a great hole in the blind, full upon a pink satin hat in the next pew. They surveyed with ineffable contempt all the head-dresses which were inferior to their own, and could not help exclaiming in the midst of a cavatina by Signora Zucarelli, when they espied the identical old shop-keepers which they had rejected, on the pericraniums of Mesdames Blackwood and Halliday, ladies whose husbands were exceedingly well to do in the world.

The wonderful success of Signor Guiseppe and the kettle-drums, induced the Godfreys, who discovered that *the* receipts of the music meeting would barely cover the *expenses, to get up* a concert alleged to be *for his benefit.*

stars having engagements to fulfil elsewhere, could
ortunately, remain to swallow up all the profits, and
or three of the minor performers who had assisted at
estival, offered their services gratis. There being
ficient, however, to get up anything upon a grand
, the vicar's family, seeing a good opportunity of
ging their passion for music and display, volun-
d their assistance. Signor Guiseppe explained in
ills, that, in consequence of the departure of the
ipal performers, some very distinguished amateurs
in the handsomest manner come forward with an
of their valuable aid, at the concert which would
place for his benefit, on Monday evening, at
Assembly Rooms. The readiness of the Godfreys
ndertake everything and anything, occasioned so
g a resemblance between the programme of this
rt and Sylvester Daggerwood's celebrated enumera-
of the performances of the Misses and the Master
erwoods, that it might have passed as a parody of
ill of fare for the benefit of Dunstable. Miss Fanny
led at the piano; Mr John followed, with a fantasia;
Adolphus, in a black velvet tunic, and his hair
velled *à la* Paganini, came forward with his astonish-
erformance on the guitar; the Lyra of the family,
five years old, perched upon a table in a silver
in petticoat, surprised the audience by her own
tions to a popular air on a miniature harp; Miss
rey and Miss Caroline had prominent parts; Mr
s took the violoncello; and Mr Charles displayed
ersatility of his talents, by making the tour of the
stra, and playing on all the different instruments in
Harriet and Jane joined their sisters in a concerto
ix harps, and Dick and Septimus performed on
s. The vicar alone, poor man, who would have
all the world he had to give to be leader, was
ded. He was convinced of the melancholy truth,
decorum forbade him to take a part in a public
rt-room, even for the benefit of that talented and
ing individual, Signor Guiseppe. Cut out of every-

thing, he was fain to content himself with beating time. The young Godfreys rejoiced in their freedom from so barbarous a restriction. To them it was a triumphant hour, for the applause was tremendous, and the speculation promised to be extremely profitable. The amateur performers drew amazingly; curiosity to see how the young ladies and gentlemen would acquit themselves in public, inducing numbers to attend who cared nothing for music. The prices had been judiciously lowered, single tickets being five shillings, and family-tickets, six for a guinea. Those shopkeepers, therefore, who were afraid to incur the imputation of extravagance, by appearing at an expensive amusement, indulged in the treat, and were somewhat flattered by the vicar's consideration for them, it having been reported that Mr Godfrey had advised Signor Guiseppe to sell his tickets at prices which would enable every respectable person to attend. The performances went off with great *éclat;* the music was sufficiently good to afford gratification to those who really possessed a taste for it; and the Godfrey's had condescended to make their selections from the most striking and popular compositions. This gracious yielding to public inclination went not without its reward; everybody was satisfied and pleased, with the exception of those whom no human exertion will gratify or content. An old mahogany-visaged musician, very much resembling his own cracked violoncello, whose style was quite out of date, and who of course despised the modern school, was rather severe in his remarks. He had heard Viotti play, and Banti sing, and could not relish music which might be turned into quadrilles, and was fit for nothing else. He was sorry that Miss Caroline had attempted a *staccata* passage, as nobody had succeeded since Miss Catley, whose style of singing was prodigiously superior to that which obtained now; and he was disgusted with the laboured accompaniments, which absolutely overwhelmed the vocal parts; though, to be sure, that was necessary, *as there was* nobody to sustain them as in former times. *Other malcontents* chimed in. It was ridiculous to

expect to keep in tune in mounting up to F natural in alt. Zucarelli could not do it, and Miss Caroline should have profited by her failure. James Godfrey would never turn out a *basso cantante* of eminence. Miss Godfrey's voice wanted power, sweetness, and flexibility; and Fanny's cavatina, though without a fault, was without a beauty. These remarks, though they did not fail to come to the ears of the family, being imputed to envy, did not greatly annoy them.

It was not until the departure of Signor Guiseppe and his bassoon, that they felt all the inconveniences attendant upon the late jubilee. The patrons of the charity in whose behalf the music meeting had been convened, though it was proved very plainly upon black and white that not a fraction remained over the expenses, were not satisfied, and Mr Godfrey and his colleague became involved in disputes with them. Signora Zucarelli's donation, the only advantage which the charity derived, was pronounced to be very inadequate; since, if she had in reality received the enormous sums placed against her name, she ought to have sent thrice the amount. The difference of opinion between the giver and the receivers —the one an Italian adventurer, and the others substantial persons, accustomed to liberal subscriptions from the noblemen and gentlemen of the county—was not taken into consideration; and general belief was given to a report, that collusion existed between the vicar and his guests. The *benefit* for the bassoon player was treated as a fiction; and it must be confessed, that there were grounds for the supposition, that a part of the profits went to defray the extra expenses incurred during the festival by the vicar's family. Nor was this all. The appearance of amateur performers at a public concert, where money was actually taken at the doors, formed a fertile theme for scandal. The Godfreys, in return, descanted very freely on the impertinence and the ingratitude of their associates. Mrs Godfrey protested, with *tears in her eyes*, that her husband, what with one *thing and another*, the dreadful havoc committed in the

larder and the cellar, the heavy bills for coals and candles, the amazing outlay for sundries of all denominations, and the wear and tear of clothes and shoe-leather, was sorely out of pocket by this vexatious affair. It was discovered shortly afterwards, that Signor Amadius Zucarelli had taken a fancy to the finest Cremona, and Signora Giacinta had packed up some very valuable music-books in mistake with her own. There was no end to the dilapidation of the furniture, and it was found that the house would require painting and whitewashing throughout. Nevertheless, the music meeting formed a proud era in the lives of the Godfreys, and they would gladly have undertaken all its pains and penalties anew, for the sake of the gratification it afforded.

EIDER FOWLING.

THE rocks and sea-coasts of Norway, the rugged steeps and barren precipices of the Shetland, Orkney, and Feröe Islands, and the wild scenery of the Hebrides, are the abodes of numerous tribes of aquatic birds, as puffins, herons, cormorants, and eider fowl. The simple inhabitants of some of these secluded spots depend in a great measure upon these creatures for their food and clothing. The flesh of some is eaten when fresh, and some is salted for keeping: the eggs are esteemed excellent food, though much too strong in their taste to be relished by persons unaccustomed to such delicacies; the skins of the eider-ducks form under-clothing, which is proof against very severe cold; and, without any very material injury to the birds, a vast quantity of the finest down is collected from them annually. This invaluable substance is so firm and elastic, that a quantity which, when compressed, might be covered by the two hands, will serve to stuff a quilt or coverlet, which, together with extreme lightness,

possesses more warmth than the finest blanket. The importance of such a defence in the inhospitable climate of these exposed regions, may be well imagined. Accordingly, one of the chief employments of the inhabitants, is the collection of these indispensable articles; an occupation, in the pursuit of which the adventurous fowlers are often exposed to dangers, the bare idea of which would seem enough to deter the most courageous from the attempt, had not long practice rendered them almost insensible to fear. We shall give a short account of the method pursued on these occasions.

On the coast of Norway, there are many low and flat islands, upon which the birds, during their breeding-season, lay their eggs in great abundance: these the fowler approaches in his boat; leaving it moored to the rocks, he quietly examines the nests, which are made on the ground, constructed of sea-weeds, and lined with the finest down, which the female plucks from her own body. The eggs are generally four in number, of a pale-green colour, and somewhat longer than a common duck's egg. With great caution and gentleness, the fowler removes the female from the nest, and takes possession of the superfluous down and eggs, being careful, however, to leave one behind, lest the nest should be deserted. The patient bird endures this robbery with the greatest resignation, and immediately commences the reparation of her loss, by laying more eggs, and covering them with fresh down; in which latter office her faithful mate bears a part, and yields up his own plumage for the defence of their yet unhatched progeny. This operation is often repeated more than once upon the same nest. It is asserted that, although the birds will bear quietly this treatment from the hands of those to whom they are accustomed, the appearance of a stranger is by no means acceptable, and that they testify their displeasure at the work of destruction by loud and fearful screams. This singular fact may perhaps be accounted for by the great kindness with which *the natives treat them*; so great, indeed, that *in Iceland they have been* almost rendered tame, and

will often build their nests close to the houses. Their quiet and peaceable dispositions are also manifested by the circumstance, that two females will sometimes lay their eggs in the same nest, in which case they always agree remarkably well.

The ease and facility, however, with which the plundering of these nests is effected, are remarkably contrasted with the extreme danger to which the same occupation is exposed in other parts. The most precipitous and inaccessible rocks are often the chosen abodes of these winged creatures, where they remain in apparent security, seemingly far removed from man's rapacious hand. But who shall say what difficulties are so great, that patience and courage may not overcome them? The bold adventurer, inured to toil, with sinews well strung by constant labour, and animated by a spirit of dauntless courage, climbs the most rugged steep, surveys with coolness the most frightful precipices, and, trusting himself to ledges of rock scarcely large enough for the foot to rest on, loads himself with the hard-earned spoil, and returns to the bottom with as much indifference as ordinary men would descend a ladder.

The Holm of Noss, a vast rock separated by some violent convulsion of nature from the island of the same name—one of the Shetland group—presents remarkable difficulties to the bird-catchers. Its sides are extremely precipitous, its distance from the mainland is about sixteen fathoms, and the gulf between is occupied by a raging sea—yet have all these been overcome. A kind of bridge of ropes is thrown across, by which the fowler, seated in a cradle, is drawn over, and commences his operations. The original formation of this bridge, if such it may be called, is somewhat remarkable. The rock had been long inaccessible, when at last an adventurer, bolder or more skilful than the rest, having landed at the base, contrived to scramble his way to the summit, after encountering incredible difficulties; his companions *threw across to* him a strong rope, which he made fast *to several stakes* previously driven firmly into the ground,

and the same was done by them on the opposite side; to this rope a basket or cradle was then attached, which, by means of cords fastened at either end, might be drawn backwards or forwards. The end of the story is truly tragical. Emboldened by his success, instead of returning by the means of conveyance he had thus provided, the unfortunate man determined to descend the rock where he had come up; but the task was too difficult even for his practised foot: one false step, and all was over; his mangled body at the foot of the rock too plainly attested the madness of the attempt.

But not always can even these means be had recourse to; it is often necessary to descend from the cloud-capped summit down the face of the naked precipice, to seek for nests hidden in the fissures of the stone. The reckless daring exhibited by the islanders on these occasions, has called forth the admiration and wonder of all who have had an opportunity of witnessing them. We subjoin the account given by Sir G. Mackenzie, of the method which the inhabitants of the Farŏe Islands pursue in their search for puffins. 'When the rocks are so high and smooth as to render it impossible for the fowlers to ascend, they are let down by means of a rope from above. To prevent the rope from being cut, a piece of wood is placed at the verge of the precipice. By means of a small line, the fowler makes signals to those above, and they let him down or pull him up accordingly. When he reaches a shelf of the rock where the birds have their nest, he unties himself, and proceeds to take them. Sometimes he places himself on a projecting rock, and, using his net with great adroitness, he catches the birds as they fly past him—and this they call veining. This mode of catching birds is even practised while the fowlers are suspended. When a projection of rock is between the fowler and the place where the birds are, he swings himself from the rock so far that he turns round the projection. In this, great address and courage are requisite, as well as in *swinging into a cavern*. When he cannot, with the *help of his pole, swing* far enough, he lets down a line to

people stationed in a boat below, who swing him by means of it as far as is necessary to enable him to gain a safe place to stand upon. Besides being exposed to the risk of the rope breaking, the fowler is frequently in danger of being crushed by pieces of the rock falling down upon him.' The same method is pursued in the other islands. The ropes employed are of two sorts—one made of hides, the other of hair of cows' tails—the former are most esteemed; they have the advantage of ancient usage to recommend them, and they are, besides, less liable to be worn away by the sharp edges of the rock. The mode of constructing them is as follows:—A hide of a sheep and one of a cow are cut into slips, the latter being the broader; each slip of sheeps' hide is then plaited to one of cows', and two of these compound slips are then twisted together, so as to form a rope of about three inches in circumference. The length of these ropes varies from ninety to about 200 feet, and they are sold at thirteen-pence a fathom. So highly are they valued, that, at St Kilda, a single rope forms a girl's marriage-portion. In this island, the most westerly of the Hebrides, a mere speck of land in the wide waters of the Atlantic, old and young alike engage in the same hazardous pursuit. Accustomed from infancy to creep to the extremest verge of the precipice, dangers which, to the unpractised, appear most appalling, only serve to afford them amusement. A modern traveller informs us, that he has seen very young children creep over the edge of a tremendous cliff, 1300 feet high, formed by the termination of Conachar, the loftiest eminence in the island, and considered to be the highest precipice in Britain, and coolly collecting the eggs or birds by means of a slender pole like a fishing-rod, furnished at the end with a noose of cow hair, stiffened by the feathers of a solan-goose. The same writer witnessed the extraordinary feats of a bird-catcher, who, while supported by one companion alone, with whom he was conversing carelessly, contrived to catch four birds, *and, burthened* with two in each hand, still held fast by *the rope, and* striking his foot against the rock, threw

himself out from the precipice, and returning with a bound, would again dart out, capering and shouting, and playing all manner of tricks. When we consider that one false step of the man above, one momentary yielding of his strength, would inevitably prove fatal to both, we cannot but feel the greatest astonishment at their presence of mind. Accidents, however, though extremely rare, do sometimes occur, and those of the most frightful nature, of which the following may serve as an example :—

It is by no means uncommon for fowlers to proceed alone on these excursions : on such occasions they fasten the rope to a stake driven into the ground above, and thus descend. It was upon one of these solitary expeditions that the following occurred :—A bird-catcher left his home one morning to pursue his usual occupation, but alone ; having secured his rope to the summit of the cliff, he let himself gradually down, and reaching the spot where the rock overhung a ledge, on which he expected to reap an ample harvest, he dexterously swung himself forwards, and gained the resting-place. As he expected, he here found a number of nests, and in his ardour forgetting the usual precaution of fastening the rope round his body while in the act of plundering a nest, the cord slipped from his grasp, and after swinging backwards and forwards for some time, but without coming within reach, at length settled many feet from the spot where he stood. For a moment he stood aghast, uncertain how to act ; the sudden blow almost deprived him of the power of thinking ; gradually, however, he recovered the use of his faculties, and looked anxiously around for means of escape. Fearful, in truth, was the prospect : the heavy mass of rock above, smooth as if chiselled by the mason's hand, offered no crevices to which the most tenacious grasp might cling : many hundred feet below, the raging waters burst with terrific noise upon the pointed crags ; while the depth to which he had descended, the solitude of the spot, and the roar of the tumultuous waters, altogether precluded the possibility of making himself heard, and summoning assistance to rescue him

from his dreadful situation. One chance alone remained, and that a desperate one: by a bold leap he might regain the rope—it was an awful hazard; if he failed, instant destruction must be the result; but death, though slower in his present state, was no less sure: his resolution was taken; breathing a short and energetic prayer, he summoned all his strength, and fearlessly sprung forward. He lived to tell the tale, for the rope was caught, and the summit gained in safety.

Such are the usual methods pursued for capturing birds when they build near the summit of the highest rocks, and such the dangers to which the attempt is exposed. But similar risks are run in taking those which have their haunts below. For this purpose, the expedition sets out in a boat, and having landed at the spot selected for their operations, one of the most daring of their number fastens a rope round his waist, and taking in his hand a long pole, furnished with an iron hook at one end, either climbs up the rock, or is thrust upwards by his companions, until he can find a resting-place sufficiently large for their purpose. Having reached this spot, he lowers the rope, and hauls up one of the boat's crew; the others are then raised in the same manner; and this process of climbing and hauling is repeated as often as necessary, until they reach the spots most frequented by the birds. The fowlers then separate, and distribute themselves over the face of the rock, acting, however, for the most part in pairs, each being provided with a rope and fowling-staff. For the sake of mutual security, two frequently connect themselves together by their ropes, and whenever the nests are below the ledges on which they stand, one permits himself to be lowered down by the other, until he can reach them. In this laborious occupation they often spend many days together, throwing the booty they have collected into the boats below, and spending the nights in the crevices of the rocks, being at the same time not unfrequently ill supplied with provisions.

Another plan sometimes adopted in these islands, is *that of setting* gins or nooses overnight, in places most

frequented by the birds; these are examined next morning, and often afford a large supply. It was upon one of these occasions that the following occurred:—A bird-catcher of St Kilda had been fixing some traps upon a ledge, elevated about 150 feet above the level of the sea, and was moving forwards for the purpose of regaining his rope, when, unfortunately, his foot caught in one of the nooses, and before he was aware of the fact, tripped himself, and fell over the edge of the precipice. There he hung, suspended by one leg, and with a full view of the boiling surf below him. In vain he wrenched his body round, and strove to grasp the edge from which he had fallen; all his exertions were to no purpose; the bare stone afforded nothing to his grasp, and his strength became rapidly exhausted. He shouted and screamed till the rocks re-echoed with his clamour, but none was at hand to lend him succour; the shades of night were fast closing in, and he was obliged to resign himself patiently to his fate, hoping that the morning might bring some assistance. In this perilous situation he passed the live-long night. Pierced with cold, suffering the severest agony, the weight of his whole body being supported by one limb alone, and momentarily expecting the noose to give way and precipitate him headlong into the angry waters, it seemed as if the hours would never end. But morning came at last, and, as surrounding objects gradually emerged from the darkness which had concealed them, his eyes wandered anxiously around in search of some sign of life. Who may describe the pleasure that thrilled through his bosom, as first he distinctly recognised the form of a companion! The sight gave new vigour to his frame; he summoned all his strength, and uttered a loud cry for help. His call was heard, and no time was lost in relieving him from his dreadful situation.

We who have been brought up in comparative ease and luxury, can scarcely picture to ourselves a more wretched lot than that of these poor islanders, compelled to undergo such toils, and expose themselves to so great

dangers, for acquiring the mere necessaries of life; yet they are a happy race of men, and would be loath to exchange this kind of existence, with all its excitement and pleasures, for the more quiet lives and less spirit-stirring employments of the inhabitants of cities.

SHIPWRECK OF THE BLENDENHALL.

In the year 1821, the *Blendenhall*, free-trader, bound from England for Bombay, partly laden with broadcloths, was prosecuting her voyage with every prospect of a successful issue. While thus pursuing her way through the Atlantic, she was unfortunately driven from her course, by adverse winds and currents, more to the southward and westward than was required, and it became desirable to reach the island of Tristan d'Acunha, in order to ascertain and rectify the reckoning. This island, which is called after the Portuguese admiral who first discovered it, is one of a group of three, the others being the Inaccessible and Nightingale Islands, situated many hundreds of miles from any land, and in a south-westerly direction from the Cape of Good Hope. The shores are rugged and precipitous in the extreme, and form, perhaps, the most dangerous coast upon which any vessel could be driven.

It was while steering to reach this group of islands, that, one morning, a passenger on board the *Blendenhall*, who chanced to be upon deck earlier than usual, observed great quantities of sea-weed occasionally floating alongside. This excited some alarm, and a man was immediately sent aloft to keep a good look-out. The weather was then extremely hazy though moderate; the weeds continued; all were on the alert; they shortened sail, and *the boatswain piped* for breakfast. In less than ten *minutes*, '*Breakers* ahead!' startled every soul, and in a

moment all were on deck. 'Breakers starboard! breakers larboard! breakers all around!' was the ominous cry a moment afterwards, and all was confusion. The words were scarcely uttered, when, and before the helm was up, the ill-fated ship struck, and after a few tremendous shocks against the sunken reef, she parted about midship. Ropes and stays were cut away—all rushed forward, as if instinctively, and had barely reached the forecastle, when the stern and quarter broke asunder with a violent crash, and sunk to rise no more. Two of the seamen miserably perished—the rest, including officers, passengers, and crew, held on about the head and bows—the struggle was for life!

At this moment the Inaccessible Island, which till then had been veiled in clouds and thick mist, appeared frowning above the haze. The wreck was more than two miles from the frightful shore. The base of the island was still buried in impenetrable gloom. In this perilous extremity, one was for cutting away the anchor, which had been got up to the cat-head in time of need; another was for cutting down the foremast—the foretop-mast being already by the board. The fog totally disappeared, and the black rocky island stood in all its rugged deformity before their eyes. Suddenly the sun broke out in full splendour, as if to expose more clearly to the view of the sufferers their dreadful predicament. Despair was in every bosom—death, arrayed in all its terrors, seemed to hover over the wreck. But exertion was required, and everything that human energy could devise was effected. The wreck, on which all eagerly clung, was fortunately drifted by the tide and wind between ledges of sunken rocks and thundering breakers, until, after the lapse of six hours, it entered the only spot on the island where a landing was possibly practicable, for all the other parts of the coast consisted of perpendicular cliffs of granite, rising from amidst deafening surf to the height of twenty, forty, and sixty feet. As the shore was neared, a raft was prepared, and on this a few paddled for the cove. At *last the wreck drove right* in: ropes were instantly thrown

out, and the crew and passengers (except two, who had been crushed in the wreck), including three ladies and a female attendant, were snatched from the watery grave which, a few short hours before, had appeared inevitable, and safely landed on the beach. Evening had now set in, and every effort was made to secure whatever could be saved from the wreck. Bales of cloth, cases of wine, a few boxes of cheese, some hams, the carcass of a milch cow that had been washed on shore, buckets, tubs, butts, a seaman's chest (containing a tinder-box, and needles and thread), with a number of elegant mahogany turned bedposts, and part of an investment for the India market, were got on shore. The rain poured down in torrents—all hands were busily at work to procure a shelter from the weather; and with the bedposts and broadcloths, and part of the foresail, as many tents were soon pitched as there were individuals on the island.

Drenched with the sea and with the rain, hungry, cold, and comfortless, thousands of miles from their native land, almost beyond expectation of human succour, hope nearly annihilated, the shipwrecked voyagers retired to their tents. In the morning, the wreck had gone to pieces; and planks, and spars, and whatever had floated in, were eagerly dragged on shore. No sooner was the unfortunate ship broken up, than, deeming themselves freed from the bonds of authority, many began to secure whatever came to land; and the captain, officers, passengers, and crew, were now reduced to the same level, and obliged to take their turn to fetch water, and explore the island for food. The work of exploring was soon over—there was not a bird, nor a quadruped, nor a single tree to be seen. All was barren and desolate. The low parts were scattered over with stones and sand, and a few stunted weeds, reeds, ferns, and other plants. The top of the mountain was found to consist of a fragment of original table-land, very marshy, and full of deep sloughs, intersected with small rills of water, pure and pellucid as crystal, and a profusion of wild parsley and celery. The prospect was one dreary scene of destitution, without a single ray of hope

to relieve the misery of the desponding crew. After some days, the dead cow, hams, and cheese, were consumed; and from one end of the island to the other, not a morsel of food could be seen. Even the celery began to fail. A few bottles of wine, which, for security, had been secreted under ground, only remained. Famine now began to threaten. Every stone near the sea was examined for shell-fish, but in vain.

In this dreadful extremity, and while the half-famished seamen were at night squatting in sullen dejection round their fires, a large flock of sea-birds, allured by the flames, rushed into the midst of them, and were greedily laid hold of as fast as they could be seized. For several nights in succession, similar flocks came in; and by multiplying their fires, a considerable supply was secured. These visits, however, ceased at length, and the wretched party were exposed again to the most severe privation. When their stock of wild-fowl had been exhausted for more than two days, each began to fear they were now approaching that sad point of necessity, when, between death and casting lots who should be sacrificed to serve for food for the rest, no alternative remains. While horror at the bare contemplation of an extremity so repulsive occupied the thoughts of all, the horizon was observed to be suddenly obscured, and presently clouds of penguins alighted on the island. The low grounds were actually covered; and before the evening was dark, the sand could not be seen for the numbers of eggs, which, like a sheet of snow, lay on the surface of the earth. The penguins continued on the island four or five days, when, as if by signal, the whole took their flight, and were never seen again. A few were killed, but the flesh was so extremely rank and nauseous that it could not be eaten. The eggs were collected, and dressed in all manner of ways, and supplied abundance of food for upwards of three weeks. At the expiration of that period, famine once more seemed inevitable; the third morning began to dawn upon the unfortunate company after their stock of eggs was exhausted; they had now been without food

for more than forty hours, and were fainting and dejected; when, as though this desolate rock were really a land of miracles, a man came running up to the encampment with the unexpected and joyful tidings, that 'millions of sea-cows had come on shore.' The crew climbed over the ledge of rocks that flanked their tents, and the sight of a shoal of manatees immediately beneath them gladdened their hearts. These came in with the flood, and were left in the puddles between the broken rocks of the cove. This supply continued for two or three weeks. The flesh was mere blubber, and quite unfit for food, for not a man could retain it on his stomach; but the liver was excellent, and on this they subsisted. In the meantime, the carpenter, with his gang, had constructed a boat, and four of the men had adventured in her for Tristan d'Acunha, in hopes of ultimately extricating their fellow-sufferers from their perilous situation. Unfortunately, the boat was lost—whether carried away by the violence of the currents that set in between the islands, or dashed to pieces against the breakers, was never known, for no vestige of the boat or the crew was ever seen. Before the manatees, however, began to quit the shore, a second boat was launched, and in this an officer and some seamen made a fresh attempt, and happily succeeded in effecting a landing, after much labour, on the island, where they were received with much cordiality and humanity by Governor Glass—a personage whom it will be necessary to describe.

Tristan d'Acunha is believed to have been uninhabited until 1811, when three Americans took up their residence upon it, for the purpose of cultivating vegetables, and selling the produce, particularly potatoes, to vessels which might touch there on their way to India, the Cape, or other parts in the southern ocean. These Americans remained its only inhabitants till 1816, when, on Bonaparte being sent to St Helena, the British government deemed it *expedient to* garrison the island, and sent the Falmouth *man-of-war* with a colony of forty persons, which arrived *in the month* of August. At this time the chief of the

American settlers was dead, and two only survived; but what finally became of these we are not informed. The British garrison was soon given up, the colony abandoned, and all returned to the Cape of Good Hope, except a person named Glass, a Scotchman, who had been corporal of artillery, and his wife, a Cape Creole. One or two other families afterwards joined them, and thus the foundation of a nation on a small scale was formed: Mr Glass, with the title and character of governor, like a second Robinson Crusoe, being the undisputed chief and lawgiver of the whole. On being visited in 1824 by Mr Augustus Earle, the little colony was found to be on the increase, a considerable number of children having been born since the period of settlement. The different families inhabited a small village, consisting of cottages covered with thatch made of the long grass of the island, and exhibiting an air of comfort, cleanliness, and plenty, truly English.

It was to this island that the boat's crew of the *Blendenhall* had bent their course, and its principal inhabitant, Governor Glass, shewed them every mark of attention, not only on the score of humanity, but because they were fellow-subjects of the same power—for, be it known, Glass did not lay claim to independent monarchy, but always prayed publicly for King George as his lawful sovereign. On learning the situation of the crew on Inaccessible Island, he instantly launched his boat, and unawed by considerations of personal danger, hastened, at the risk of his life, to deliver his shipwrecked countrymen from the calamities they had so long endured. He made repeated trips, surmounted all difficulties, and fortunately succeeded in safely landing them on his own island, after they had been exposed for nearly three months to the horrors of a situation almost unparalleled in the recorded sufferings of seafaring men.

After being hospitably treated by Glass and his company for three months, the survivors obtained a passage to the Cape, all except a young sailor named White, who had formed an attachment to one of the servant-girls on

board, and who, in all the miseries which had been endured, had been her constant protector and companion; whilst gratitude on her part prevented her wishing to leave him. Both chose to remain, and were forthwith adopted as free citizens of the little community.

THE FAMILY FEUD:

A FRENCH STORY.

THE families of Piombo and Porta, in the island of Corsica, had long been divided by a hereditary feud, called in the language of the country a *vendetta*. It was similar to those enmities which in other parts of Europe were in former ages handed down from father to son, and, before the reign of civilisation and of good laws, rendered it the first duty of the successor to revenge his ancestors upon the family and clan of their foes. When Corsica became part of France, an attempt was made to put an end to the dreadful crimes which these vendettas were perpetually causing, but the savage temperament of the nobles presented a powerful obstacle to the success of these efforts. France herself, torn by internal dissensions, could not enforce the supremacy of the law in a distant island, and it was not until Napoleon Bonaparte got the government of that country into his own hands, that a resolute determination was expressed of suppressing these outrages in his native island, their disastrous consequences being well known to that extraordinary individual in his earlier history. The last occasion upon which the revengeful spirit of the Corsicans was displayed in these family broils, took place about the time of Napoleon's election as First Consul of the French Republic, and resulted in the almost mutual extermination of the two races of Piombo and Porta. Such of the family of Piombo as escaped the general destruction took

refuge in Paris, and claimed the protection of the First Consul. They consisted of the elder Piombo, his wife and daughter, a young child of seven years of age, and, as the family of the Bonapartes had once been under the protection of the Piombos, Napoleon willingly received the fugitives, and promised to provide for their future maintenance.

Bartholomeo di Piombo, at the time of his escape to Paris, was verging upon his sixtieth year, but age had neither bent his lofty figure nor dulled the fierce expression of his eyes. He was distinguished even among his countrymen for the sternness and inflexibility of his temper; and if he were unrelenting in the pursuit of his enemies, he was equally steadfast in vindication of his friends. With his character, Napoleon was not unacquainted, and feeling, perhaps, in his newly-acquired sovereignty, that the presence of a resolute adherent near his person was on many accounts advisable, he gave to his Corsican compatriot a post in his household which was at once honourable and lucrative. The fidelity of Bartholomeo was undoubted, and during the reign of Bonaparte, he was loaded with the imperial favours, raised to the dignity of a count of the empire, and endowed with ample territorial revenues.

In this elevated position stood Piombo when the dynasty of the Bonapartes was precipitated from the throne of France, and gave place to the possession of the Bourbons. He then retired from the palace of the Tuileries, in which he had usually resided, and took up his abode in an ancient hotel, formerly an appanage of a distinguished refugee family, which he owed to the generosity of the dethroned emperor. As circumstances had prevented his taking any active part in the restoration of Napoleon, or in the reign of the Hundred Days, which was concluded on the plains of Waterloo, the Count di Piombo was not excluded from the terms of the amnesty, which was promulgated upon the second return of Louis XVIII. But from that time, he lived secluded in his own domestic *privacy, preserving* the cold reserve of an attached

adherent of the exiled family. Upon the brow of the old count hung a cheerless though imperturbable air, whilst in his large mansion a uniform stillness seemed to harmonise with the melancholy feelings of its inmates. His aged consort and his youthful daughter were the only beings who participated his solitude, and tended to alleviate its weight and misery.

Before the overthrow of Napoleon, Ginevra di Piombo, the count's daughter, had mingled in the splendour and pomp of the imperial court, of which her grace and beauty had made her a distinguished ornament. Though the exterior advantages she possessed—beauty, rank, fortune, and the favour of an emperor—seemed to have insured her many offers of marriage, yet either her disinclination to leave her parents alone, or the admiration rather than affection which she was calculated to command in society, had hitherto kept her heart and her person disengaged. When the events of the political world drove the family into retirement, Ginevra felt even more happy than she had done in the turmoil of a court-life, and, with an admirable fortitude, devoted herself to the care of parents whose only solace in life was now in her—the last and dearest of their children.

After the second return of the Bourbons, and whilst Paris was witness of many scenes of massacre, it was dangerous for an officer in the uniform of the Imperial Guard to appear abroad. Many of the officers, indeed, of that celebrated corps were proscribed by name, and even those who were not so peculiarly designated, found it expedient to seek shelter until the fury of revenge was a little allayed. Whilst the storm was at its height, a young man in the condemned uniform had taken refuge in the house of a painter and eminent artist in Paris, who was known to be a warm partisan of the late dynasty. As a vigilant search was maintained by the armed police, in the course of which the residences of such persons were repeatedly visited and ransacked, it was necessary for the *artist to* exercise an extreme caution in succouring the *fugitive* soldier. He concealed the presence of a

dangerous an inmate even from his wife, and secreted him in a closet partitioned off from the saloon in which he gave lessons in painting to several young ladies of the higher classes. This workshop or painting-room was apart from his residence, and, for the benefit of light, placed at the top of an adjoining building in the same courtyard. This was the place which the generous painter selected as the least likely to be suspected, at the same time that it permitted the proscribed officer a means of exercise and relaxation when the room was cleared of the pupils, as the painter was the only person of his own household who ever entered it.

Ginevra di Piombo had for two or three years been a constant attendant at the work-room of M. Servin, the painter alluded to; and both from the admirable talents she displayed in the art, and the well-known attachment of her father to the cause of Napoleon, she was treated by him with the highest respect. At this time, when her occupations were so much curtailed, Ginevra was accustomed to devote a more than usual attention to this elegant and fascinating accomplishment. Thus she was often left behind by her companions, who were either less enthusiastic in the art, or had a more varied scale of amusements. On one occasion, when Ginevra had been so intent upon her pursuit as not only to be left alone, but to be surprised by the shades of evening, as she was preparing hurriedly to depart, she was astounded at beholding the door of the closet gently opened, and a young officer, in a blue and red uniform, with the imperial eagle, tread softly into the room. Equal surprise and embarrassment appeared on the countenances of the young couple as they surveyed each other; and it was fortunate, that precisely at this moment M. Servin ascended the staircase, and entered the apartment. Instantly comprehending how this unexpected interview had occurred, he stepped towards the officer, and said to him: 'Monsieur Louis, you are too impatient in your confinement, but you have nothing to fear from this *young lady*. She is the daughter of an old friend of

the Emperor, so we may make her a confidante in your secret.'

The air of sympathy which was already on the features of Ginevra assured the young soldier sufficiently of this truth, even if her beauty had not already disposed him to regard her with an entire dependence. 'You are wounded, sir!' said she with much emotion.

'It is a trifle,' replied he; 'the wound is nearly closed.'

His left arm was suspended in a sling, and the paleness of his features bespoke a suffering which his words belied. Two young beings brought together in a situation so affecting, could scarcely fail to be united by a reciprocal sentiment. Ginevra, thus called upon to act as the guardian and protectress of a brave soldier, suffering in a cause she had been taught to believe as holy and patriotic, felt all the enthusiastic generosity natural to her sex arise in favour of the oppressed and wounded hero. He, on the contrary, beheld in her something more than human, when benevolence and commiseration were joined to a grace so bewitching and a beauty in itself so attractive. The scene itself was calculated to impress a tender feeling indelibly upon the mind. The softened light, the romance of the incident, the danger to all concerned—everything conspired to produce those sensations which, seeming to spring only from a feeling mind, yet link hearts together. Ginevra, yet unconscious how deeply the emotion had sunk in her breast, offered her father's purse and influence in aid and protection of the soldier. M. Servin, more prudent, begged her to preserve for some short time the secret even from her father, lest he might be in any way compromised with the government, assuring her that the fugitive was quite safe in his present hiding-place. The officer himself joined in this request; and as there was something delicious in the reflection, that she alone was thought worthy of being intrusted with the fate of a warrior of Napoleon, she consented to abstain from any attempts to alleviate his present misfortune further than to beguile the tediousness

of his confinement by her prolonged presence in the saloon.

From that day, Ginevra passed hours in the work-room when all were gone, and he only present who had become to her an object of so intense an interest. She held the brush in her hand, but it seldom touched the easel, whilst Louis sat by her side, speaking with a fervid eloquence from his eyes. Their conversation was short and broken, for with lovers a monosyllable expresses more than the laboured paragraphs of oratory. Sometimes she sung, in a subdued tone, a plaintive air of Italy; and she was delighted to find that Louis was perfect master of the soft dialect which was her own native tongue. From such means, which seem to derive force from their simplicity, is affection most firmly strengthened, until it becomes a passion to which life itself is subordinate. That the conduct of Ginevra in thus submitting to what must strictly be considered a clandestine intimacy, was improper and inexcusable, must certainly be allowed, and the result furnishes the strongest moral which could be drawn from behaviour so inconsiderate.

The lengthened visits of Ginevra to M. Servin's now began to attract the notice of the old count and his wife, who so idolised her that her shortest absence was regarded with impatience. They therefore expressed their surprise that she should devote so much time to painting when it caused them unhappiness. To such an appeal, Ginevra could reply only with tears. Her father, excited by so unusual a spectacle, eagerly demanded the cause. His question only redoubled her confusion.

'You are going to surprise us with a picture, then?' said the count, taking her by the hand.

'No,' replied she with a sudden energy; 'a falsehood shall not even once escape the lips of your daughter—I am not painting.'

'What are you doing, then? I trust you are engaged in no improper intimacy?'

'Not *improper, I should* think,' she replied.

'Explain,' cried the father; 'tell me all.'

Ginevra, thus importuned, explained how she had become acquainted with M. Louis, and the interest which he had excited in her bosom.

No declaration could afflict more vehemently the feelings of the old Corsican. He regarded his daughter's affections as peculiarly his own, as due exclusively to himself and her mother. The idea of another person participating in her love, he entertained with abhorrence. Those childish caresses which he now bestowed upon her in his doting fondness he must see indulged in by another. His daughter seemed to forsake him in his old age and in his desolation—to cast him aside as if she loathed him. Such was the selfish conclusion to which the suspicious mind of Piombo led him. He at once forbade Ginevra to think more of her young admirer. She besought and entreated him to consider that her happiness was at stake. It was in vain—he would hear nothing, but declared imperatively she should never marry in his lifetime. So emphatic a denunciation aroused the downcast spirit of his own descendant. 'But I *will* marry,' said she with a fierceness equal to his own; 'your sentence is inhuman.'

The determination of Ginevra thus expressed seemed to awe and confound the old count. He resumed his seat without saying a word. His wife now interposed, and took the part of the daughter. Ginevra cast herself at her father's feet. 'I will still love you and live with you, my dear father,' she cried; 'I will never forsake you!'

Bartholomeo was at last moved. When he learned that the young man was a captain of the Imperial Guard, that he had fought at Waterloo, and, though wounded, had been amongst the last to leave that fatal field, he consented to interest himself in his behalf, and to receive him into his own house.

A high official personage had been indebted to the *Count* di Piombo during the Imperial rule for an *important* favour, and through his influence he now procured the pardon of M. Louis. He was even placed on

the roll of officers available for service. Ginevra flew with undissembled rapture to convey this gratifying account to her lover. Having laid aside his uniform for a suit of plain clothes, he accompanied her to her father's house. She led him up the stairs, trembling with anxiety lest the old count should not like him. Piombo was sitting in a window recess in the large saloon, with a grave and forbidding aspect. They advanced towards him, and Ginevra thus presented her lover: 'My father,' said she, 'I present to you a gentleman whom you will feel pleasure in seeing. This is Monsieur Louis, who fought four paces from the Emperor at Mount St Jean.'

The count did not rise nor relax the severity of his features. 'You wear no decoration, sir, I observe,' said he coldly.

'It does not become an officer of Napoleon under present circumstances,' answered M. Louis with some timidity.

The reply seemed to gratify the prejudices of the old man, though he said nothing. Madame di Piombo, to break a silence which was at once harsh and uncourteous, hazarded a remark. 'What a singular resemblance,' exclaimed she, 'this young gentleman has to the family of the Portas!'

'It is only natural,' replied the young man, upon whom the eyes of old Piombo glared with the fury of a demon; 'I belong to that family.'

'A Porta!' shouted the count. 'Your name?'

'Luigi Porta,' replied the officer.

Piombo arose slowly, under an emotion too strong for utterance. His countenance grew livid with rage. His wife took his arm, and drew him gently towards the door. They left the room together, Bartholomeo directing a gesture of vengeance against the unfortunate youth, and a look of horror at his equally wretched daughter.

'What misery in a word!' said Ginevra in a tone of anguish. 'Did you not know that our family and yours *are hereditary enemies*!'

'No,' answered her lover; 'I was carried from Corsica when I was six years old, on account of some misfortune which happened to my father, but I never knew what it was. I was educated at Genoa with my mother's uncle, and when I left him to enter the army, he told me I had a powerful enemy in France, and that I should therefore take the name of Louis only, by which I have been always known. He told me, likewise, our estate was seized; and since that time I have been engaged in active service.'

'You must quit this house,' said Ginevra.

'Is, then, this fearful hatred of our fathers between us too?' asked he as he took her hand.

'I cannot find it so in my heart,' she replied; 'but do not now stay since your safety may be threatened. I will find means to communicate with you—but be upon your guard, and it is against my own father I warn you.'

So saying, she conducted him again to the door, and seeing him safely into the street, bade him adieu with all the warmth of affection she had ever previously exhibited.

Ginevra flew to her own room, not for the purpose of dissolving into useless tears, but to enter upon a serious commune with herself as to the course she should pursue. The fearful question she had to solve was, whether she should sacrifice her love, and the happiness of Louis and herself, to gratify the implacable hatred of her father; or to surrender her home, her station, her parents, in favour of a man whom every worldly consideration called upon her to reject? That her father would be immovable in his denunciation, she knew too well. Yet, when did youthful hope despair? She resolved to attempt to argue with him, to reason, to entreat. She could not consent to give up her love for a feud. Besides, she had pledged her faith; and when she thought of Louis, alone and without a friend in the world, a generous sympathy moistened her eyes and nerved her resolution. She determined still to love him and to marry

him, even should the paternal malediction fall upon her. The resolute mind of Bartholomeo was inherited by his daughter, and, though she felt for him all the affection and respect natural to their relation, she believed herself not bound to obey what to her seemed a cruel and unjust command. With such sentiments, she descended to the saloon, in which the old count and his wife were sitting in a mournful silence.

The conversation between the father and daughter was not long. Piombo expressed at once his irreversible decree. 'Who espouses not my quarrel,' said he, 'is not of my family. Whilst I live, a Porta shall not be my son-in-law. Such is my sentence.'

Ginevra attempted to shew, that she had no reason to partake of his enmity; that Louis Porta, who was only six years old when he left Corsica, could have done him no harm; that it was a Christian duty to forgive and not to revenge an injury even when inflicted. Her arguments were in vain.

'He is a Porta,' replied the implacable old man; 'and that is enough.'

She then prayed him to regard her happiness, to reflect that, by indulging his hate against an imaginary enemy, he destroyed the peace of mind and the life of his own child. She begged her mother to join in her entreaties; but Bartholomeo was inflexible. 'Then, in spite of you,' said Ginevra, 'he shall be my husband!'

'I will rather see you dead,' rejoined her parent, clenching his bony hand. So saying, he threw her from him. 'Begone!' said he, 'I have no longer a daughter. I will not give you my curse, but I abandon you; you have now no father!'

He now conducted her to the street, and closed the door upon her. Ginevra proceeded to place herself under the protection of Madame Servin, the wife of the painter, who had always expressed great friendship for her, until the day when she should be united to Luigi Porta. But she was destined to experience the insults which are prepared for those who act contrary to the

usages of the world. Madame Servin did not approve of her conduct, and begged to be excused from receiving her under her present circumstances. Louis, therefore, obtained for her a small lodging with a respectable matron, near to that he had himself for some time occupied. Here she remained until the marriage could be solemnised. Her mother had traced her retreat, and sent her a variety of things necessary for a young wife, together with a purse of money. A short note accompanied the present, stating that it was sent unknown to the count, and contrary to his injunctions. In her desolation, this mark of maternal kindness drew from Ginevra a flood of tears and a feeling of remorse, which the consolations of Louis alone could efface.

At length the day of the marriage arrived. Ginevra saw no one around her to hail the event. Louis procured two witnesses, who were necessary to attest the ceremony. One of them had been in the company he commanded in the Guards, and was now keeper of a livery-stable. The other was a butcher, the landlord of the house which was to be their future residence. These good people attended upon the occasion, as if an ordinary affair of business was to be transacted. They were dressed neatly and plainly, though nothing announced that they made part of a nuptial-fête. Ginevra herself was simply habited, conforming to her fortune, and an air of gravity, if not of coldness, seemed to reign around.

As the church and the mayor's office were not far distant, Louis gave his arm to the bride, and, followed by the two witnesses, they proceeded on foot to the place of their espousal. After the formalities were gone through, and their names signed, Luigi and Ginevra were united. It was with difficulty they got an old priest to celebrate their union, and to give it the Church's benediction, since the ecclesiastics were all eager in their services to more distinguished couples. The priest *hastened* over the ceremony, and after uniting them *before God*, as the mayor had united them according to *law, he finished* the mass, and left them. The marriage

being thus celebrated in its two forms, they quitted the church, and Louis conducted his wife to their humble residence.

For the space of a year from their union as man and wife, Louis and Ginevra enjoyed as perfect a happiness as could fall to the lot of mortals. Though living far apart from luxury or extravagance, they were too much lovers to regard either as essential to their bliss. The time passed gaily onwards, and unheeded by the youthful couple, who could not part even for an hour. If Ginevra ever thought of her parents, it was to regret that they could not view and share her happiness. But with the expiration of the year, came care to corrode their joy. With the buoyant feeling of youth, unacquainted with the horrors of poverty, they laughed at its approach. 'I can paint, my Louis,' said Ginevra; 'we can easily support ourselves.' And she prepared to exercise those talents for her subsistence which in other days had tended to her amusement. She executed copies from the old masters, and Louis set out to sell them. But he was ignorant of their value, and of the persons from whom to obtain it. He was content to sell them to an old-furniture broker at a very low price. Yet Ginevra was pleased to find that her exertions could earn money, and help to maintain her Louis and herself. She redoubled her assiduity, and finished several pieces; she laboured with the zeal and ardour of a proselyte. Her exertions conveyed a reproach to her husband, who was determined no longer to sit in idleness, whilst his wife worked incessantly. After long consideration, he felt himself equal to no employment save that of copying legal or other documents. He made a tour round the offices of the attorneys and notaries of Paris, soliciting papers to copy. He thus added to their uncertain income, and, by the exercise of industry, they kept poverty at a distance, and beat back the approach of want. At length the hour of suffering and mental anguish arrived, as it will sooner or later to individuals so situated.

At a certain season of the year, the law-offices in Paris are free from business; and for nearly four months, Louis Porta was thrown out of employment. His wife had not for some time had the brush in her hand, as she had just given birth to a son. The fees of the medical men had been raised by disposing of part of their furniture. The remainder would have speedily followed, had not the landlord seized it for rent. The wretched husband saw his wife pining for lack of sustenance, and the infant sucking a dry and exhausted breast. He was without the means of procuring a morsel of bread. With the madness of despair, he rushed into the street, and wandered in the midst of the brilliant equipages which crowded the city, and of that reckless luxury which seems so insulting to poverty. He passed by the shops of money-changers, where heaps of gold were exposed, one solitary piece from which would have rendered him frantic with joy. But no resource opened itself in his extremity. Anything seemed just, if he could save the life of Ginevra—to steal, to rob, to murder. To what crime his frenzy might have led him, is doubtful; but fortune saved him from its commission. He had turned his steps unconsciously towards the hotel of the Count di Piombo. When he arrived at it, the gate stood open. He entered, and sprang up stairs. In a moment, he stood before Piombo, who was seated near the fire, for the night was cold and wet.

'Who are you?' cried the old count, starting up in alarm.

'Your daughter's husband,' answered Luigi.

'And where is my daughter?' he asked with a trembling accent.

'On her death-bed from starvation!' shouted Louis with wildness.

'Not yet dead?'

'*No.*'

'*Is there any* hope left?' urged the father eagerly.

'*A piece of* gold may save her, if it be speedily applied,' *replied the husband.*

'Here is my purse,' said Piombo; 'tell Ginevra I have pardoned her, and she may come and see me.'

'She will not come in this world, I fear,' answered Luigi, as he took the purse and flew from the room.

'Shall we not follow him, and see our daughter—our Ginevra?' said the old man to his wife, who had sat immovable during the preceding discourse, whilst the first tears he ever shed fell down his furrowed cheeks.

'O yes—with all speed,' cried Madame di Piombo. She rang the bell. 'Order a coach to the door instantly,' said she to the servant who appeared.

At midnight, the aged parents entered the room of their unfortunate child. Ginevra had just expired; her infant was also dead. Louis hung over the wretched bed upon which they were extended. The physician whom he had procured in his haste had taken up his hat to depart. It was a scene to move the iron heart even of Piombo. 'Our feud is at an end,' said he to Luigi Porta. 'There lie the last of my race. I am a miserable, broken-hearted old man. I suffer punishment from God for not hearkening to her who is now an angel. Yes, Porta, this is a scene on which thy father might have gloated; but with the corpse of my daughter, I bury my enmity.'

Such was the concluding scene in the history of the feud betwixt the families of Piombo and Porta, and which cannot be contemplated without producing the moral reflection, that the daughter's imprudence and disobedience was not more severely punished, than the unchristian enmity and hard-heartedness of the father.

MANY SLIPS BETWEEN THE CUP AND THE LIP.

We have an amusing instance of the truth of this proverb in the following story, which we quote from an old London newspaper:—A gentleman residing at Hearne Bay—a sea-bathing place on the coast of Kent, and a favourite resort of the Londoners—left the Tower-stairs by one of the Margate steam-packets, one fine Saturday morning in the month of September, having previously written home to his family at Hearne Bay, to say he should certainly be with them by dinner-time that same afternoon. Precisely at four o'clock that afternoon, the steamer was off Hearne Bay; and if the Hearne Bay boatmen would but have put off in the teeth of a stiff nor'-easter, and have pulled only three miles and a half over a bit of a heavyish swell, the gentleman might have been safely delivered at home just in pudding-time—provided he did not get swamped by the way. But the boatmen would not put off at all, which certainly was very stupid on their parts—for the steamer would not have had to wait much more than an hour for them; and in the meantime, to prevent the said stiff nor'-easter from driving her bump ashore, she could have easily let go her anchor, and have remained where she was quite comfortable—provided the anchor would hold. However, the gentleman had only to go on with her to Margate; and as there would still be time enough for him to get back to Hearne Bay, by coach, before the pudding was cold, he did not much care. Well, they were very soon off Margate; and no doubt the Hearne Bay gentleman, together with all the other passengers, would have been punctually landed there, only the steamer happened to come there just in the tail of the ebb tide, so that *there was not* water enough for her in the harbour; and *the waves*, under the influence of the nor'-easter aforesaid, *were kicking* up their heels so furiously upon the jetty,